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JUNE 27, 1951



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 27, 1951



"Enough of that," I said, as I grabbed him by the big, knotted tie.

THRILLING NEW SERIAL IN FOUR INSTALMENTS

THE FRIGHTENED LADY

By BEN BENSON

FRED PARMENTER and I were proud of the apartment we shared. It was a nice spacious affair in a new building: red tapestry brick and glass brick, large casement windows. The apartment was on the second floor. It had a large bedroom, a small reception hall, a dinette, and a tiny kitchenette and a big living-room.

Every day the superintendent's wife came in to clean, but otherwise Fred took complete charge. I was glad of that, because Fred had a knack for management and detail, and I hadn't.

Fred was tall and thin. He worked as an accountant, and he was twenty-eight years old. He looked much older. Fred could cook, too, his specialty being Sunday-morning breakfasts. Waffles, bacon and eggs, and good coffee.

Once in a while we'd invite Barbara Tansy over to join us. I was engaged to marry Barbara, and the wedding was only six weeks away. Yet I know if I had been living there alone she'd never have come. As long as Fred was there, it made a difference.

This Sunday morning Barbara had driven over early. Barbara was tall, almost five

feet seven. Slender. She had a round, pretty face. She was thin-waisted and narrow-hipped, and she ran to wide, flaring skirts and flat shoes with wrap-around straps.

Her skin was pink and tight, and her perky little nose was always shiny. Her stockings were tight and the seams were always straight. Her hair was jet black and parted in the middle, and she had that drawn tight, too.

When she came in, she swirled around, waved gaily, and tossed her big handbag on the chair in the reception hall. Then she came into the dinette and sniffed. "M'm'm, good," she said.

I kissed her, and she said reproachfully, "Sam Peck, you haven't shaved yet."

"Sunday morning," I said.

"Fred shaves on Sunday. He goes to church too."

"Fred has a guilty conscience. I've led an exemplary life."

She snorted and swept into the chair I held out for her. "I'm famished, Sam."

"Relax," I said. "It's Sunday. The day of bedroom slippers and ease."

"You! I expected that Sunday paper in front of your nose."

"I'm waiting until we're married before I let you see my seamier side."

Fred came in just then with the coffee percolator and a trayful of orange juice.

"Fighting again?" he asked. "Hello, Barbara."

"We never fight . . . not really," Barbara said to him. "But sometimes Sam can be very exasperating."

"Me?" I asked.

"Yes, you."

"It's a fine time to find out," I said. "We're going to be married."

"I can't back out now, darling. It's only six weeks away and Dad has hired the church."

"I'll bet she has cold feet," I said to Fred. "She'd like to back down, but she's afraid of the social turmoil."

"She could always have me," Fred said. "I'm the one who has to move out of here. Of course, that isn't the only reason I'd marry her."

"I know," I said. "She's loaded with money. Three cars in the family. I know what I'm letting myself in for."

She poked her tongue out at me. "You won't see any of the money, darling. But that's beside the point. Right now I'm thinking of all the changes I'll have to make here. These curtains, for instance. Ugh!"

"Half the things belong to Fred," I said.

"My wedding gift to you," he said through his orange juice. "I'm moving into the Bay Hotel. Always wanted to live in a hotel."

"You men!" she pouted. "Hotel living. You should marry and settle down."

"Leave him alone," I said. "The man's a born bachelor. He knows when he's well off."

"You see what I mean?" she said. "Here we're not married yet, and look at the way he talks."

"Oh, you know Sam," Fred smiled. "That's his so-called sense of humor."

"Anyway, I really do feel awful, Fred," said Barbara. "I mean, turning you out of your place like this."

ILLUSTRATED BY DUNLOP

Continued on page 4



makes you
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You have one essential beauty aim—
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THREE BASIC STEPS TO TRUE SKIN CARE:

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STILL smiling, Fred picked up the glasses and the tray and started for the kitchen. "I'm secretly relieved to see you take Sam off my hands," he told Barbara. "He's the untidiest person to live with."

"I'll straighten that out in a week," she called out. Then she turned to me. "I'll have to make so many changes in you," she sighed. "You'll shave every Sunday morning, of course. And I'll get you some dark, pencil-striped suits and a grey Homburg hat."

"Me or Anthony Eden?"
"Don't be facetious, dear. You're tall and you have big shoulders and black wavy hair and green eyes, and you're terribly handsome, you know. I want you to wear the correct clothes to make you stand out."

"You'll get the same effect by buying a pair of French poodles. And," I added, "there's nothing wrong with these curtains."

She smiled indulgently. "They're bachelor things. There'll be all new furniture, darling."

"And I don't have any say in all this?"

"Absolutely none, darling. It's the bride's privilege."

"They'd better start giving the groom some privileges. It looks to me that a man doesn't know what he's been chasing after."

"Don't be so naive about who did the chasing," she said archly. "Oh, here comes Fred with the waffles. I just love his waffles."

"I don't even know if he can cook," I said to him. "Maybe you'd better stay on for a while. I'll pay you a nominal wage."

"You can afford more than that," he said.

"I should think so," Barbara said. "Sam's quite the successful paper salesman. You'd think, with all the money he earns, he would have put away at least five thousand a year."

"Sam likes to live," Fred said.

"It's going to be different in a few weeks," she said firmly. "I'll take charge of the finances in the family."

I slammed my knife and fork down. "Next thing I know, you'll be looking to see if I've washed behind the ears."

"There's no need to make a childish display," she said coldly. "You might at least have some respect for me in front of Fred."

"Here, here," said Fred, pointing his fork at us. "Let's have none of this again. Sam's been a little jumpy lately."

"I know," she said. "Every time we talk about his work he's thinking of that silly West Coast idea. That partnership with Albie Cooper."

The Frightened Lady

Continued from page 3

"I don't think it's so silly," I said angrily.
"Oh, oh," Fred murmured. "I just reminded myself. Beds to make." He pushed his chair back and stood up. "Call me when the dust of battle has settled."

She waited until he went into the bedroom. What was coming wasn't new. It had been brewing for weeks, and we both knew it.

"Very well, Sam," she said softly. "We might as well have it out. Here and now. For now and forever more."

"Good," I said. "Because I had a letter from Albie Cooper yesterday. He wants a definite answer."

"I could have told him months ago what my answer was."

"He's been writing to me, Barbara. Not you."

"Oh, I could shake you," she said tersely. "Sometimes you're like an overgrown child. You want to give up everything you have here—take every penny and go out to California to set up a tiny business."

"That's right."

"It's nonsense, Sam. You belong here in Boston, here with me. Your sister is here, your job; all my contacts and all my connections. How many times have I told you that?"

"I've stopped counting."

"You're so stubborn, Sam. I've never seen anybody as stubborn as you."

"Because I want to go out there. And I want to take you along with me."

"Oh, certainly. To go into the paper business with some stranger. Some boy you met in the Army. You'd be bankrupt in six months."

"Thanks for your confidence," I said. "But, primarily, I'd still be selling. The same way I do for Fairchild."

"And I suppose you'd be able to compete against companies as large as Fairchild Brothers," she said acidly.

"Yes. I'd buy from the same sources. Fairchild manufactures his own paper bags. But the rest of the stuff comes from mills all over the country."

"I don't like it," she stated flatly. "I detest failure."

"It won't fail. If it does, I can always come back to Boston and start selling paper and string to the grocers again. Can't you see it, Barbara? This is the only big chance I'll ever have. It's worth the gamble."

"I'm not going," she said. "I'm not giving up my life here, my family, my friends. The Tanscys mean something in Boston. I'd be satisfied to live here, on what you earn now. If we ever need more, you know there's always Dad to help you."

"There's a name for husbands who'd accept that."

"That's cheap and nasty, Sam."

"Maybe I'm too cheap and nasty for the Tanscys anyway."

"I didn't say that, Sam."

"No, but that's the way I'm beginning to feel," I said. Then I checked myself. "Look, we're saying things I know we'll regret later. Maybe you'd better think it over a little more, Barbara."

"I don't have to think it over. I've decided very definitely. Weeks ago."

"Then the point is, you're not going with me. Is that final, Barbara?"

"Final," she said. "The marriage is six weeks away. Let's decide now, Sam. Either way."

"I'm going out there, Barbara."

She stood up. "Good-bye, Sam," she said.

"Good-bye," I said.

It was as simple and as sudden as that. I followed her as she went into the reception hall and picked up her bag. Then she opened the door and went out. She didn't look back.

I looked around. Fred was standing beside me, filling his short briar pipe.

"Was that Barbara?" he asked.

"Yes."

"She's coming back?"

"No."

"I see," he said. He didn't say anything more. He turned back to the dining galley and began picking up the dishes.

ON Wednesday night I went to my sister Pauline's. I'd been doing it for the past two years. Wednesday night was roast-beef night, and I was usually there early so I could play with the kids before dinner.

Pauline was plump, and there was a streak of grey running through her hair. I don't know if she cared, but I could remember when she was a cute little thing with a cute little figure, and my mother's house was busy with her telephone calls. Now she had her husband and her two boys, and I think she felt all set.

As I came in she said, "Your bachelor days are numbered. Less than six weeks now."

"No," I said. "It's all over with Barbara."

We went into the living-room. She picked up a toy.

"These children," she sighed. "No matter how many times you tell them, they will leave their things around . . . Now what's this gibberish about Barbara? Another quarrel?"

"Yes. The final one."

"It'll iron out," she said complacently. "Lovers are always skittish before the wedding. I adore Barbara. Such a sweet thing. And there's nothing wrong with marrying into the Tanscy family. One of Boston's biggest insurance brokerages."

"I'm doing all right on my own."

"It doesn't do any harm, Sam. I always said it paid to have the right connections."

"There was never anything wrong with the Pecks."

"Nothing but poverty," she smiled.

Just then her husband, George, came in, and we sat down to dinner. The subject dropped until Pauline brought it up after dinner, telling George that Barbara and I had had a quarrel.

"Again?" George said. "Well, he persists in that West Coast idea."

"Didn't you ever want to take a flier in something?" I asked.

George nodded. "I did. Until I got this job as engineer with the city. Now, here I'm happy. It's a good job, pays well. I have my own home and the mortgage is getting smaller each year. Later, there'll be retirement for me. What more can I want?"

"Some of the big money that's around."

"That's only speculation."

"I can't, for the life of me, see where that's a basis for a quarrel," Pauline said to me. "You just forget about this Albie Cooper and go over to Barbara's, where you belong. Now go ahead."

I stood up and kissed her. "Good-night, Polly," I said.

I didn't go to Barbara's. I drove home. The apartment was empty. Fred was working late. I went into the bedroom and changed. I put on my best shadow-weaved suit and the white shirt with the soft roll collar. The tie was the best I had.

I went into the reception hall and picked up the phone. I dialled the first two letters of Barbara's number before I put the phone down again. I paced back and forth in the hall for a moment.

Suddenly I picked up my hat, opened the door, and went out. My sedan was in front of the building. I climbed into it and drove downtown into Boston . . .

At nine-thirty I was standing in front of a dance hall whose green neon sign said "Palace." I stood there looking up at it and listening to the strains of the music inside. Then I turned slightly and saw the hard-faced girl in the ticket booth. She smiled at me mechanically.

Please turn to page 10

By GUS

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



A dog had its day

By Frances Richardson

THE night express, roaring south, broke its lordly rhythm, and stopped. Matilda, stretched comfortably along the seat, woke up.

Outside, a distant voice bawled an unintelligible name. Pushing up the blind an inch, she peered out and saw a deserted, half-lit platform; heard the echoing rumble of a porter's truck, the sharp yap of an excited puppy-dog.

She caught just a glimpse of the dog fawning upon the porter's legs before voices came from the corridor; the yap was suddenly smothered as if a large hand had closed round canine jaws, then a twined back was obscuring her door.

The door slid open.

"If," said the severe voice of the attendant from the sleeping-cars, "the other passenger don't mind." Then, with a flattered change of tone, "Friendly little chap, sir, isn't he now?"

The train was almost wholly made up of sleepers, so Matilda's empty compartment in the ordinary coach was luck too good to last.

"You don't mind my dog?" the newcomer asked.

Well, she didn't, but she minded the owner. Glumly, she assured him: "Not at all."

The intruder stopped abruptly, half-way in. "I didn't see it was a lady. All the other compartments have bodies along each side, but, if you don't mind Pete—"

"Why should I mind?" she demanded. "Does he snore?"

"Oh, no, he's an Airedale, not a pug. Very well behaved. Quiet as anything."

He turned to heave his bags on to the rack and a sudden weight landed, panting, on Matilda's middle, an affectionate tongue impeding her retort of "So I observed."

The abandoned bags crashed about the floor while the hound was hauled, with apologies, to the opposite seat.

"Though it's a great compliment," Matilda was assured. "He really is a one-man dog."

Recalling the creature's affability to the railway staff, Matilda snapped on her light with an un-

ladylike snort, but, reading in his master's countenance only doting pride—warming to plain admiration at the sight of her—she said repressively: "He's young, I suppose?"

"Seven months," said his fond owner, collecting the bags.

Matilda squinted at their labels out of the tail of her eye and made out "Frazer" and some London address. That faint lilt in his voice might be Highland, she thought. Not that she was interested, of course. To demonstrate her indifference she reached for her magazines and opened one to look for something to read, at which the well-trained hound sprang promptly to retrieve it.

"Drop it!" roared his stern owner. "Drop it, Petel!"

The obedient animal held his ground, swung his head about, growling and tightening his hold until, conscious of a lack of dignity, Matilda let go, and the surprised dog fell over on to the floor. His master then wrenched the journal from his darling's jaws, wiped it assiduously, and handed it back.

"You'll excuse Pete?" he begged earnestly. "You see how it is? He's taken this enormous fancy to you."

"He's taken an enormous fancy to my sandwiches." In high indignation, she saw the last of her packet rapidly engulfed with an appreciative snap.

"Good gracious! I'd be happy to share mine with you," Pete's owner said.

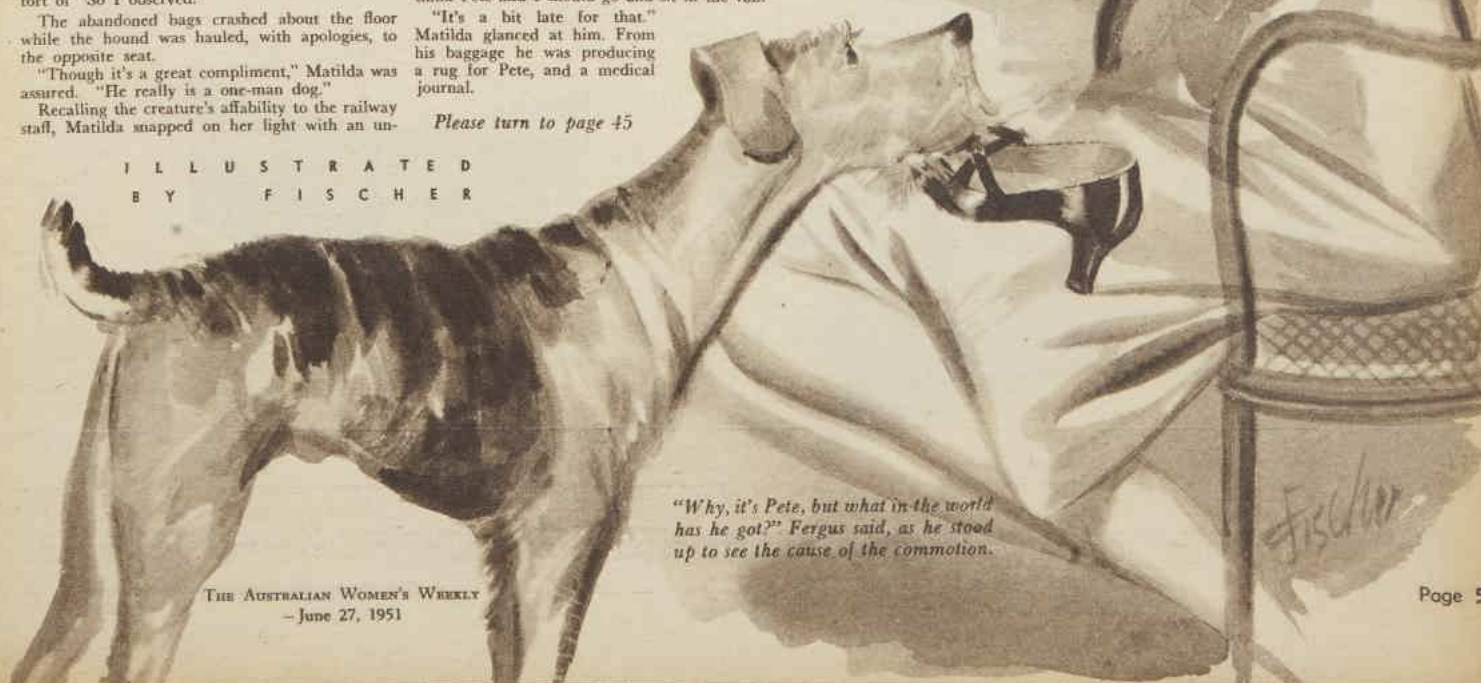
"Thank you. I am not hungry." Matilda returned to her damp magazine.

He then observed with a sacrificial air, "I think Pete and I should go and sit in the van."

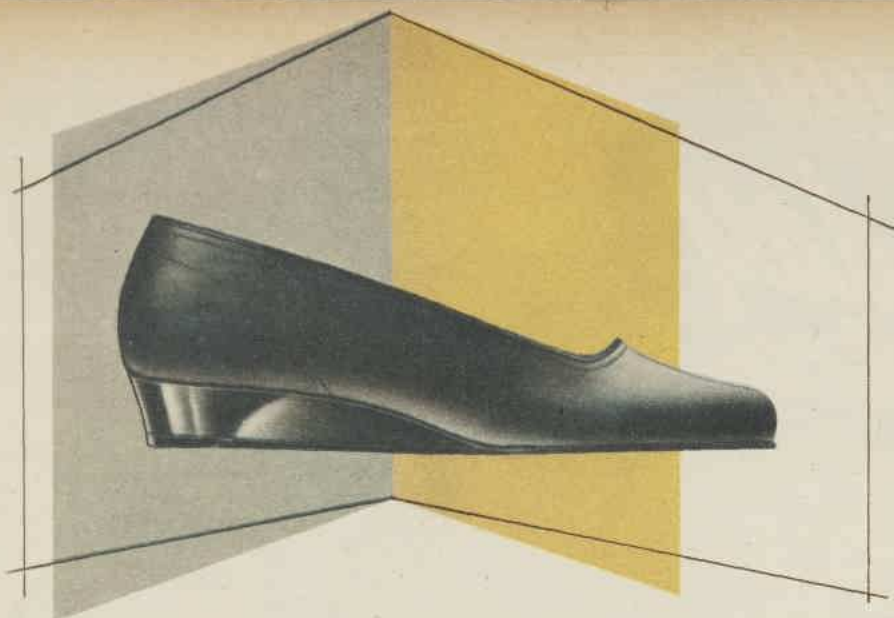
"It's a bit late for that." Matilda glanced at him. From his baggage he was producing a rug for Pete, and a medical journal.

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ILLUSTRATED
BY FISCHER



"Why, it's Pete, but what in the world has he got?" Fergus said, as he stood up to see the cause of the commotion.

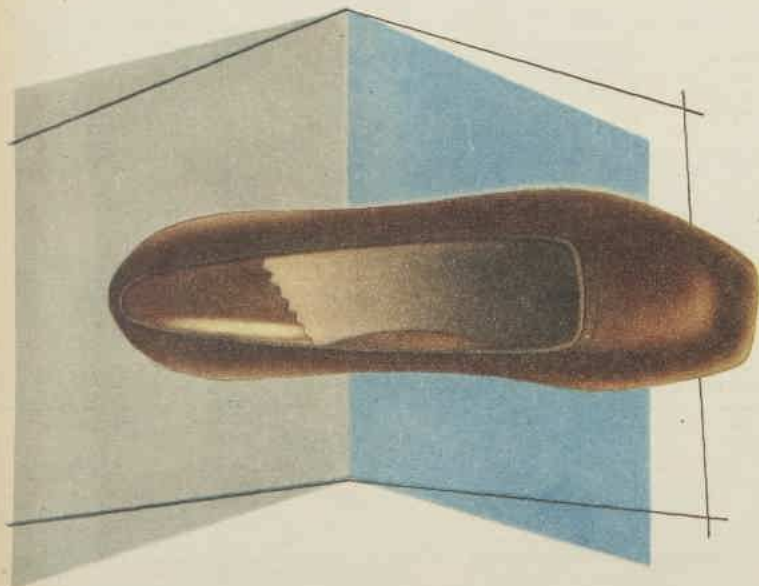


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Joyce angles the toe and carves the wedge
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And turns them, precisely, on their new
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The Suitable Present

By Rachel Thornton

A short story complete on this page

WITH endearments, mementoes, and souvenirs, by celebrating anniversaries and remembering birthdays, old Mrs. Lane endeavored to create an island of sentiment, in the great sea of selfishness and thoughtlessness that seemed to her to make up the modern world.

Her children were Sonny and Sister and Brother. She also persisted in the cloying habit of speaking of them as her dears, darlings, and loves.

They and her daughter-in-law, John's wife, were Mrs. Lane's pets, her chickens, her babies. And to a milder degree, the tentacles of Mrs. Lane's all-embracing heart reached out to everyone with whom she came in contact.

"A tip is so cold, so impersonal," Mrs. Lane would explain gustily, "but I do enjoy giving people something really suitable to them. This Easter card is just the thing for that nice delivery boy from the grocery shop."

At Christmas and other times like Father's Day she would give the postman a card.

"Because," she would say, "he carries so many cards for other people, it would be nice for him to have one all for himself."

Mrs. Lane scattered cards of congratulation and condolence, of rejoicing and sympathy with a lavish, prodigal hand—the only thing she never disturbed was money.

For Mrs. Lane was, in the old-fashioned phrase, close, very close indeed, taking a positively creative pleasure in all sorts of small economies involving hoarding string and smoothed-out wrapping paper and slivers of soap pressed together into a varicolored but ultimately usable piece.

Beyond her rather large fixed expenses—to which she had never become wholly resigned—parting with money, real money, caused her such acute anguish that she had become expert not only in avoiding such anguish but even in serenely avoiding the painful knowledge of other people's financial problems.

So when sweet little Nancy, John's Baby Brother's wife, got a job selling in an antique shop, Mrs. Lane was simply delighted that the dear child had found some occupation.

She stubbornly overlooked the obvious fact that women struggling with three small children and the occasional services of an incompetent and underpaid help are not usually searching for something to do.

Of course, it was hard for Nancy to keep smiling during their visit to Mrs. Lane, one day soon after she started work. Even harder, when they left and John started praising his mother.

"Isn't Mother wonderful?" John said, pressing the starter, kicking at the clutch of the elderly sedan, listening hopefully, futilely for the engine and then repeating the process.

"She is the most generous person," he went on. "She said she found a card that says, 'Congratulations on your new job,' to send you. Don't let her know I told you. Apparently she spent hours looking for it."

Mrs. Lane loved her family, Nancy knew. She meant well. Still, "generous" was not quite the word Nancy

would have chosen to describe her husband's mother.

But John was such an angel, incapable of believing that anyone, least of all his mother, could be less considerate, less thoughtful than himself. She squeezed his arm as the car coughed its ostentatiously painful way into the garage.

"You're the wonderful one," she told him and John bent to kiss her.

"We've got to think of a really special present for Mother's birthday," he said.

But what on earth could she and John, frantically stretching their meagre income, give a wealthy old lady who had every conceivable thing that she needed or wanted?

Their birthday present to Mrs. Lane, thought Nancy, would have to be, as it always was, some ridiculous thing like an embroidered hot-water bottle cover or monogrammed soap or hand-painted coat hangers, some small symbolic object that would assure Mrs. Lane of their love.

She could then display with the impressive total of her birthday loot, the useless little presents showered on her by people who had been alerted about the approaching event by the ebullient Mrs. Lane herself.

"People spoil me," said Mrs. Lane, as happily complacent as a child. "It shows people do appreciate it if you show them some real personal feeling. What a lot of thank-you notes I'll have to write! I keep a list, you know, of all the presents I get and who gave them to me. It's the biggest help in the world in writing notes."

It was also, although Mrs. Lane failed to mention it, a tremendous help in giving presents. For it was Mrs. Lane's thrifty custom to pass on whenever possible the gifts given to her.

By keeping a long and complicated list of who had given her what, Mrs. Lane was able to avoid the humiliating possibility of some day returning some present to its original donor.

It was, Mrs. Lane assured herself, the thought that counted, and thus she was enabled to be spectacularly generous while actually spending very little money.

BY careful management, there was almost always something tucked away on the top shelf of Mrs. Lane's linen cupboard that she could give to someone without having to pay for anything.

However, this system of revolving credit sometimes broke down, and sweet little Nancy's approaching birthday was unfortunately one of these depressing occasions.

Mrs. Lane's linen cupboard yielded up only a box of sachets given to her by Nancy herself, a set of wine glasses which had been the gift of darling Sister who would be sure to recognise them at Nancy's house and a bridge set, a very handsome one, but not handsome enough to blind Mrs. Lane to the fact that neither Nancy nor John played bridge.

Mrs. Lane was, in fact, face to face with the horrid possibility of



"It's the sweetest thing I ever saw," Nancy said, trying not to think a cheque would have been more acceptable.

actually having to buy a present for Nancy.

And surely the child couldn't have been hinting, she told herself stoutly, when she said that a new battery might improve the ominously inadequate performance of that malevolent car of theirs.

No one could really want as dreadfully practical—and as dreadfully expensive—a present as a battery, which, Mrs. Lane recalled shuddering, would cost quite a bit of money.

Galvanized by her appalling problem, Mrs. Lane's memory gave a convulsive, inspired twitch. In the guest-room bureau were some things that had belonged to her great-grandmother.

Admittedly, they were old-fashioned, and not very useful to anyone. But because they were so old they could possibly be called antiques, and sweet little Nancy just loved antiques.

That was why she had taken that job, Mrs. Lane reminded herself. This, then, would be the very thing, the ideal present, and it hadn't cost a penny.

The package was very small and

Nancy, dutifully exclaiming, gave up her hope of underwear or stockings, both of which she desperately needed.

It was perfume probably—just as the car was lumbering grimly past the point where it could possibly be repaired.

Or costume jewellery to be worn, incongruously jaunty, on the lapel of her only suit. But it was neither.

It was a tiny, exquisitely ornamented box, decorated with a fairy landscape in which miniature shepherds pursued evasive nymphs.

"Why, it's perfectly lovely," Nancy said, loyally refusing to think that a cheque would have been even lovelier. "It's the sweetest thing I ever saw."

She repeated the same thing to the young man at the shop next morning as he turned the little box about in his knowledgeable hands.

"It's more than sweet," he told her. "It's Battersea enamel, a very fine piece. I wonder if you'd consider selling it?"

Nancy laughed. "What would I get for it?" she asked.

"Around three hundred and fifty pounds. Maybe four," he told her.

"I'll give you four hundred right now," and when Nancy gasped, "Pounds?" he stared at her.

"Make out the cheque to John and Nancy Lane," she said, recovering quickly.

A week later Mrs. Lane, wrapping up the bridge set from her linen cupboard to give to the sick mother-in-law of the postman, just hoped that this would be as successful a present as the little box she had given Nancy.

The child had thanked her for it over and over again with such enthusiasm, such warmth, such real feeling.

It was a wonderful secret feeling to know that in the top drawer of the guest-room bureau there still remained two more little boxes and a beautiful old ivory figure and an antique lace fan—presents for Nancy on birthdays, at Christmas, at Easter.

Because the child's love for antiques was plainly genuine. Mrs. Lane no longer had the slightest fear that Nancy might have taken her job for any other reason than a disinterested love for lovely things.

Obviously Baby Brother and sweet little Nancy were getting on all right since they'd just paid an enormous deposit on a new car to replace that vindictive monster they'd been struggling with for so many years.

ILLUSTRATED BY KEITH DALGLEISH

(Copyright)

Bruce was always willing to help, but not always eager to do so until.....

The Night of the Party

AFTER he had picked up the phone and recognised Pat's voice, Bruce thought at once: Another party.

"I'm giving a bit of a party on Friday night, Bruce, my boy," Pat said.

"I know—you've got some girl coming and you don't want her to be lonely."

"Not quite that," Pat said, "but I've a little job for you that will require some finesse."

"Always the flunkey," he complained, "never allowed to go to a party to have a good time and do just what I like. Just the—"

"If you got a steady girl of your own we'd leave you alone," Pat interrupted. "Now listen to what I want you to do."

A girl, one of the party guests, had been inescapably landed with an escort for the night—Cecil somebody or other. This Cecil was a frightful bore and Pat was very much afraid he would spoil the girl's evening.

"What I want you to do," she explained to Bruce, "is to rescue her from time to time. Dance with her, say pleasant and sensible things to her, let her say something herself, because I'm sure Cecil won't let her. And, Bruce, she's a nice girl, so this little task should be a pleasure. Now don't tell me that any girl is just a girl."

"Well, isn't she?" he asked. Pat hung up.

On the night of the party, Bruce drove to Pat's place in his car—a big, roomy sedan, not the bachelor type of car at all—wandered in through the open front door, and stood scrutinising the guests who had arrived before him. Gerry, Pat's husband, came up to him.

"Hello, there," Gerry said. "Pat's in the kitchen if you want to see her."

"I don't. I'd only get a job cutting crusts off sandwiches or something," Bruce said.

"All right, then, go and find yourself some playmates," Gerry told him, and turned to walk away.

But Bruce grasped his arm suddenly. "Who's that?" he asked, nodding towards a girl who'd just walked past them, her arm linked in a man's.

"That's Jill Todd and—"

"Todd!" And as suddenly as that Bruce got interested in the assignment Pat had given him for the evening. Miss Todd, he had remembered, was the name of the girl he had to rescue from time to time from her boring escort. Miss Todd was an attractive little thing, and to rescue her would be a pleasure.

He sidled up to her at the first opportunity. "Excuse me, you're Miss Todd, aren't you?"

"Yes." She looked at him closely.

"Pat promised to introduce you to me. She's not about at the moment, so I'll

attend to it myself. My name's Bruce. Would you slip into the dining-room with me for a moment."

"I'm sorry, I'm with—"

"Yes, I've heard all about him. While he's not looking is a good chance. Come on."

He took her hand and led the way into the dining-room. There was a long table here which later would be covered with things to eat, but at the moment the supper was still in the kitchen.

As soon as they were alone, he started: "You'll find me quite an interesting character."

"I doubt if I'll have the opportunity," she said. "You see—"

"Don't worry about him, he'll be happy so long as he's got somebody to talk to. Out there he'll find plenty of people he can corner."

"And the idea is that meanwhile you'll corner me?"

"Corner is not the word I'd use in our case," Bruce said.

"Anyway, when you accompany somebody to a party, you can't just leave him standing. At least, not according to my rules. Sorry, Mr.—"

"Call me Bruce. And listen, if you've any guilty feeling about walking out on the male who's snared you for the night, I can assure you that it'll vanish before the evening has gone very far. He's just a monotonous, droning log."

"And I suppose you're the most fascinating, impressive man there is?"

"Well, yes, but I would rather you had found that out for yourself. You will, too, if—" Bruce stopped. They had extra company. The man who'd been with Jill had just come into the dining-room.

"Here you are!" he said.

"Yes," Jill said, "I was just going to look for you."

"Come along," the man said, "dancing's just going to start. Excuse us, old boy."

"Sure, old fellow," Bruce said. He watched them go. Alone in the dining-room, he lit a cigarette.

After a time the music attracted him into the bigger room. His glance covered the couples out dancing until he found Jill and he watched her until the dance ended. Next time the music started he was at her side in a flash.

"Must be mine," he said.

"You again?"

"Yes, thrilled, aren't you, bless your little heart."

They circled the room once.

Bruce said: "I don't know what gave Pat the idea that her floor was fit to dance on. Let's get out of here." He stopped dancing abruptly and just as bluntly took

her through the side door, out on to the verandah.

"What's going on?" she asked.

"Come into the shadows where he won't see us if he comes stalking you again."

"I said what's going on?"

"Nothing to fear, little lady. I'm just rescuing you from the all-night sticker."

"You mean you're determined to keep me apart from my partner?"

"That's right. I'm doing it all for your sake."

"Well," she said, "I don't doubt that your intentions follow the old routine, but your approach and explanations are certainly novel. Talk to me some more, I'm interested in your angle."

"I've told you everything. The man you're with is a monotonous bore. You—"

"Your scheme won't work because it's built on sand," Jill said. "It so happens that I find him very pleasant company."

"If my memory serves me well there's a seat just along here a bit. No, wait, we can do better. Out at the front I have a comfortable car—"

"No, thanks. The engine might start and I wouldn't risk getting out of screaming range of all these good solid men here."

"You misjudge me terribly. Sit down and let us get to know each other."

She sat down obligingly. "You can give me a cigarette," she said, "and you may talk to me for the duration. I mean the duration of the cigarette."

BRUCE gave Jill a cigarette and lit it, then lit one for himself. She drew on her cigarette. "Talk, stranger, the tobacco's running out fast."

"My big moment'll come when you stop calling me stranger."

"I'll call you stranger because that's the way I like you."

"I want to favorably impress you. Please tell me what to do next."

She drew on her cigarette. Bruce said: "Stop hurrying your cigarette."

"I don't like smoking, really. I only asked you for one to break the monotony."

He started talking quickly: "We'll have a lot of fun, you and I. Picnics on Sundays, sport on Saturdays, theatres and parties, talking over our kindred interests, planning our future, living the present to the full. What's your phone number, by the way?"

"I think your trouble is that you've been seeing the wrong kind of pictures. Please can't you think of something sensible?"

"Have I said the wrong thing again? Maybe you'd better talk instead."

"I don't believe you could sit quietly while I did."

"I've been sitting quietly all my life, waiting for you to come along."

"There you go again. Actually I believe your lines would work with a certain type of girl. I'm not the type."

"You're just the type so far as I'm concerned. Or maybe I should try insulting you to see if I can't make an impression."

"You've made an impression."

"Well, don't say it like that."

"Anyway, at least you've stopped saying that you just wanted to tear me apart from my escort," Jill said.

"Yes, I'll admit that my ambitions are now bigger and better."

She threw what was left of her cigarette on to the gravelled path below the verandah. "My cigarette and you both have had it," she said. "Take me back inside."

"I'll always remember our first cigarette together," he said, as he stood up.

"I've forgotten it already," she told him. They walked together up to the side door of the party room, then suddenly she moved quickly ahead and was lost to him in the throng of guests. He wandered through the big room. Then he saw Pat and headed for her.

"Hullo, pal," he greeted her, "do I look different? Something's happened to me, Pat dear. I never knew it would be like this. Why didn't somebody tell me that one girl could come to mean so much—"

"Oh, here you are, you great shirker! I've been looking and asking everywhere for you," Pat exclaimed. She hadn't heard a word he'd said. "Marlene's here with Cecil and I want you to do your stuff."

He weakened suddenly. "Who's here with Cecil?"

"Marlene Todd, the girl I told you about."

"Not—not Jill Todd?"

"Good gracious, no. Jill's here, but she has her fiancé, Benton Clyde, with her. Look, there's Marlene over there. That obstacle in her path, of course, is Cecil. Now please get to work and try to make Marlene feel she's at a party."

He started to move slowly, unenthusiastically in Marlene's direction. She was not unlike her sister Jill, he noticed. Then he saw Jill herself at his elbow.

"Listen," she snapped, "don't try to bother me again. My fiancé will have nothing to do with me because I've been away from him twice already, so you've completely spoilt my night. Good-bye, it hasn't been a bit nice knowing you."

"Now just a—"

Jill had merged into the crowd again.

Bruce turned and tottered away. He was very remorseful about having spoilt her evening and decided to act immediately to put things right between her

By Ted Schurmann

"We could have lots of fun together," Bruce said, but Jill didn't seem to think so.

and her fiance. He sought out Benton Clyde. Benton saw him coming and spoke first.

"Hullo, I don't like you."

"Look, old boy, I'm afraid you've got things wrong. It was my fault that Jill—"

"I don't doubt for a moment that it was your fault," Benton said. "Well, there's no need for you to take it out on Jill."

"Me! Listen, bright eyes, how will you feel when your turn comes? How will it be when the girl who matters suddenly turns round and tells you that she's found the real man in the world for her, says she always had a feeling you were a mistake, and hands you back your ring?"

"Did—did she—"

"Yes, she did: I hope you'll be very happy together, but I know you won't. Want to buy a second-hand ring, cheap?"

Bruce was still tottering. He walked unsteadily among the guests looking for Jill. She was back on the dance floor and he waited his turn.

She started: "I told you I never wanted—"

"Save it. I've just been talking to Benton."

That silenced her. After a moment, she said: "Oh . . ." Then: "You shouldn't have done that."

"I'm glad I did."

"Well, I don't know what he told you, but I wouldn't attach too much importance to anything he said."

"He told me that you said there is a new man in your life."

"That's the part you must not regard as important, because I didn't mean it. I said that because he was acting like a child about my not being continually at his side to-night, and I thought this was just the opportunity to make the break I've been wanting to make for some time. Now please go away."

"But—"

"Look," Jill said. "I'm very happy right now because I've escaped from one man's clutches. I'm not likely to go right into another's. I want to wallow in this lovely feeling of freedom. I'm sorry you misunderstood me before when I said good-bye. What I meant was good-bye."

After that, Bruce failed altogether to capture the party spirit. He approached Jill again a couple of times during the evening, got only a pretty but very cold shoulder. He did not eat much supper and was pleased when he saw that the party was breaking up. He looked for Pat to bid her good-night.

"You ought to be ashamed to show your face in front of me," she proceeded to tick him off. "You've disappointed me terribly. I didn't see you talking to Marlene once. Well, just so you can have some small feeling of having done a useful thing, I'll let you drive some of the guests home in that big, wasted car of yours."

"Just a flunkey," Bruce said. "Just someone to use up."

"Stop complaining and go and sit in your car," Pat said.

Please turn to page 44

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN MILLS

Did you
PROTEX
yourself this
morning?



I ENJOY THE
CLEAN BUSHLAND TANG



PROTEX IS
MY CHOICE AS
A DEODORANT
COMPLEXION SOAP



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Stay as fresh as a breeze
with Protex, the deodorant
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clean bushland fragrance.
Protex is medicated to
guard against offending, and
infection. Protex is the soap
for all the family.



The Frightened Lady

Continued from page 4

I WENT over to the glass cage, threw a dollar bill down, took my ticket and went in.

Past the doorman there was a long, narrow room with upholstered chairs against the wall, arm to arm. There was a metal sign that said "Lounge," and sitting there, side by side, were two sallow-looking girls in dowdy dresses. They were rapidly chewing gum and one of them whistled softly as I went by them.

In through the swinging glass doors the checkroom was to the left. I dropped my hat there, then stepped over to the polished dance floor.

I stood there and looked around. I don't know what I was looking for, but I did know that I had made a mistake in coming there.

In the corner I noticed a telephone booth, and I began to picture Barbara with a smart gown on her lithe body and her two diamond clips in her hair. I started for the booth. And that's when I saw her.

She was standing at the edge of the dance floor, not ten feet away from me. She was the kind that hit you hard the very first time you see them.

I kept staring, because just then she half turned and I was able to see her profile. Her nose was small and slightly tilted. Mouth soft and beautifully curved. Long eyelashes. Her hair was pale ashen blond.

I didn't get to the telephone booth. I remember staring at her a long time. Every time a man went over and asked her to dance I kept hoping she'd refuse them. She did. She got a lot of them. I wasn't the only one who was eyeing her like that. But she shook them off and turned her head away.

The number stopped and I went over to the soft-drink bar and had some fruit punch. I watched her as I drank it. They kept coming over to her, some nervously and sidling, some boldly.

She didn't budge. The music was over, but she stood there with her eyes on the bandstand.

The music started up again and somebody else came over to her. He was a pasty-looking kid. Coat cut too long and a soiled old shirt. He looked as though he needed a bath and a haircut. She was having a little trouble with him because he wouldn't go away.

Then he must have said something she didn't like, because I saw her look wildly towards the door. I knew then she wasn't going to stay any longer. So I went over to them.

The pasty-faced kid looked me over and sneered something. I nudged him away. He spoke a dirty sentence.

"Enough of that," I said as I grabbed him by the big, knotted tie and pulled him towards me. He snarled, showing little pointed rat's teeth. My hand bunched. His slack lower lip began to move and he pulled away from me.

I let him go. He stepped back and sized me up once more. He made a show. He moved a hand ostentatiously to a hip pocket. He threatened to be back with some friends. But he turned and left quickly.

I asked her for a dance. At first she didn't look at me. Just shook her head. I spoke to her again. Then she looked up and her eyes scanned me.

She didn't say a word. No smile. Nothing. She put a warm hand in mine and we started for the dance floor.

We danced. She danced perfectly for me. Tall enough, graceful enough. She was good. She was something else I couldn't describe at first. Something I kept trying to place. Then I had it. She was completely feminine.

And all the time she didn't say a word. But if she wouldn't talk, I would. I asked for her name.

"Hope," she whispered. "I'm Sam," I said. "Sam Peck."

There was no sign that she had heard me. The music stopped and we walked off the floor together.

"Hope's only the first half," I said. "There's more."

"That's all," she said. "Hope."

I danced with her again. And again. I danced with her the rest of the evening, but when they played the good-night number she made a bee-line for the door like Cinderella. I caught up with her.

"I have a car outside," I said. "I'm completely sober and I'm a good driver."

"Thank you," she said. "You're very kind. But the subway is running."

"I'm asking to drive you home."

"No, thank you."

"Look," I said. "I'm inoculated against smallpox and distemper. My name is really Sam Peck. I was born and brought up here in Boston. I have a job and I almost never hang around poolrooms."

For the first time that night, she almost smiled. "I think it's very nice of you, Sam," she said.

In the car she sat quietly, and as close to the door as possible.

"How about some coffee?" I asked her. "Bacon and eggs would go well right now."

"Nothing, thank you."

"How about a drink?" "I don't drink. Please take me home."

"You haven't given me the address," I reminded her.

"The Mission Hill section. You can let me off at the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital."

I took my time. I was in no hurry to lose her. When we came to the hospital she asked to be let out.

"I said home," I told her.

"This is close enough, Sam."

"You don't work here at the hospital?"

"No."

"When will I see you again?"

"Not any more, Sam. Thank

you very much. It was a wonderful evening."

This time she put her hand on my sleeve and patted it. It was her left hand and I looked at the third finger quickly. There was no marriage ring.

"What's wrong?" I asked. "The family?"

"No. I have no family."

"I'm not your type, is that it?"

"No. So far, I like what I see, Sam."

"Fine. I like what I see very much. That solves everything."

"It solves nothing," she said. "At least, let me see you to your house."

"No," she said, almost frantically. She opened her door and stepped out. "Good-night."

In a few minutes I was following her stealthily and at a distance. Once she turned very quickly, but in the dark I knew she couldn't see me. Suddenly she whisked up some stairs and ran into a house. I went down the street after her.

Old weather-beaten houses; grimy, mustard-colored monstrosities lined the shabby street. The house she had entered was one which had been converted into apartments. I went up the worn steps and opened the front door.

Inside the hall there was the musty smell of old age and hopelessness.

There were four bells with little white cards underneath. One said: "A. Johnson." Another said: "Gaetano." The third said: "Maguire." The last said: "Miss H. Desmond." And even if it didn't, it made no difference. At least I knew where she lived.

NEXT night I was there again. I was parked in front of Hope's house from four o'clock on. She hadn't answered her bell. I sat in the car and listened to the radio.

At a quarter to six I saw her. She was wearing one of those blue gabardine coats with a hood thrown back over her shoulders.

As she came close I sounded the horn, once. Her hand went over her mouth and I knew she had almost screamed. I stepped quickly out of the car.

"How did you find me?" she whispered. "How?"

"I followed you last night. I'm sorry. I just couldn't help it."

"Please," she said. "Please go."

"I'm taking you to dinner," I said. "You'd better get in. It'll save time."

"Please go away. You don't want any trouble."

"What trouble? Isn't this a free country?"

"Is it?" she asked bitterly.

"Yes, I always thought so. Now get in and tell me what it's all about."

"Good-bye, Sam. Don't come back."

SNOWY RIVER SCANDAL

VAST heaps of scarce home-building materials are deteriorating in mud and slush at Snowy River Scheme camps.

Because there is no shelter for them, some materials have lain in paddocks for 14 months.

Timber is warped, drainpipes are cracked, fuel stoves rusted, fibro broken, and caneite perished.

A.M., the national magazine for men and women, sent a reporter to the Snowy. He worked there for five weeks. He calls it a loafers' paradise, where men don't work and valuable material rots.

Read about this £250,000,000 scandal in A.M. for July. It will be on sale everywhere this week.

"Okay," I sighed. "I can be an awful nuisance. I'm going to park right here. Day and night."

She took a deep breath and looked up and down the street. The late-afternoon sun made a halo around her hair. I wanted to take her in my arms there and then.

"I'm hungry," I said wistfully.

She fumbled uncertainly with her handbag. Her long lashes came down and swept over her eyes.

"I'll have to change," she finally said. "I'll be down in twenty minutes."

She went in through the old glass-pannelled door. When she came out she was wearing bronze-colored pumps and her hair was brushed back and pinned up.

"I'm not hungry any more," I said as I looked at her. "Not for food, I mean."

Not so much as a smile. She stepped in and I closed the door after her. I went around to my side and slid in.

"Where would you like to eat?" I asked as I geared the car. "Any particular place?"

"I don't know of any places."

"I think you'll like the Toll House," I said. "Ever been there?"

"No."

I said, "It's about twenty miles out. You usually need reservations. But I think they can always squeeze two in."

I drove slowly. Presently I switched on the radio. She hadn't said a word. Then she said suddenly, "I like your car. I haven't been in cars much."

"I thought you were a social butterfly. You dance like a professional."

"I took lessons when I was younger."

"You couldn't have been much younger. You're young enough now."

"I'm twenty-four."

"Perfect," I said. "Don't change."

Please turn to page 34



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Fresher!



Feel
Smoother!



Stay
Daintier!

KEEP FRESHER! First, Bathe. Then shake Cashmere Bouquet Talcum all over the body. How fresh it leaves you. And cool! Divinely cool.

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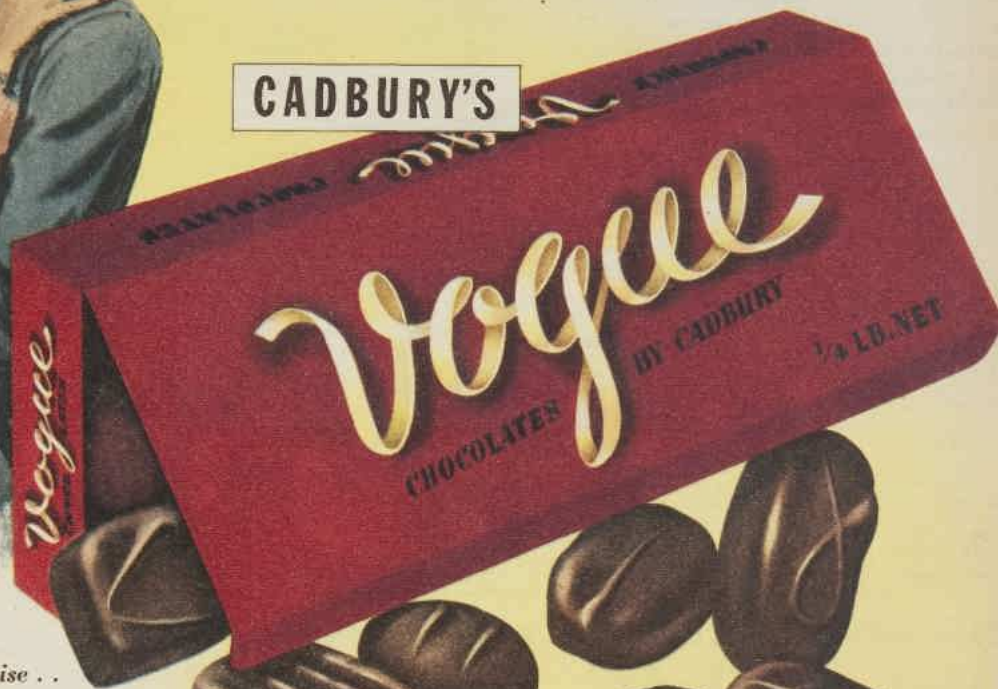
FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM



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ALL PARIS IS IN FESTIVE DRESS

City's gala celebration of its 2000th birthday

By BETTY NESBIT,
who has just returned from Paris

The narrow streets of Paris, its wide boulevards, its fountained squares, and its famed monuments are bright with flowers and flags, agleam at night with thousands of lights while the city and four million Parisians celebrate its 2000th year.

I'D like to be any one of the lucky Australians there for the celebrations.

There isn't a city in the world which can put on a show such as Paris can, and there's no doubt that this will be the most glamorous ever held in Europe.

The day chosen to celebrate the founding of Paris is July 8, but the fetes, fairs, and general fun and games began in April and will continue till December 23.

The organisers and all the French newspapers are stressing the fact that there is no question of France wanting to rival the Festival of Britain.

It is hoped that French and British people will exchange

visits to see the respective across-the-Channel festivities.

The choice of the year 1951 to celebrate the 2000 years has not been without disputes. The committee has frankly admitted it was an arbitrary choice, but was based on available historical data.

Many opinions have argued it should be next year, or that it should have been last year, but the committee felt 1951 was near enough the mark and certainly the year when the festival could be arranged under the best circumstances.

However, it is not a point which will cause much quibbling among the Parisians. Few of them could tell you much about the early days of their illustrious city, which grew from a tiny walled settlement in 50 B.C. on an island

in the River Seine to one of the most beautiful capitals in the world.

In the little street, Rue Dauphine, where I lived before I returned to Sydney, everyone was planning a balcony display of flowers. Those without balconies were preparing window-boxes.

The committee wanted all of Paris to look like a garden. Prizes were offered for the best balcony or window.

Simone, the pretty, blonde florist of Rue Dauphine, could

be seen every day in deep consultation on the care and choice of flowers.

In main commercial centres of Paris all the shop windows were being dressed to present an aspect of the history of the capital.

In the Avenue de l'Opera the windows carried the theme "Locomotion from 1875 to Our Days." In the elegant couturiers' windows of Rue Faubourg St. Honore it was "The Second Empire," and the famous Place Vendome

was to be a fairyland of "Lights and Flowers."

One of the big events was the dinner for 2000 old-age pensioners chosen from the 20 "arrondissements" (districts) of Paris.

Two thousand candles lit the dining-hall.

For July 8, a Sunday, a tremendous programme has been planned with heavy insurance against the rain, likely to be encountered in the brightest of European summers.

The mayors of all the French "departments" (sections), colonies, cities, and Parisian suburbs will be guests of honor of the City of Paris.

There will also be the mayors of world capitals, and particularly mayors of the 23 towns in the world which are called Paris.

There will be a concert of military music on the huge Esplanade of Les Invalides, and in the night dancing in all the squares and a fireworks display from the banks of the Seine, in which each set will show a scene from France's history.

If I were in Paris for that night, I'd like to be sitting on one of the stone parapets of the "quai" just by Pont-Neuf, Paris' oldest bridge.

The view of the fireworks with the Louvre in the foreground, Notre-Dame and towers of the Palais de Justice and the spire of St. Chapelle in the background, will be magnificent.

And, of course, all the monuments, such as Arc de Triomphe, the obelisk in the Place de la Concorde, the Bastille tower, Sacre-Coeur and Madeleine churches, the Opera House and Notre-Dame, will also be illuminated.

Notre-Dame is spectacular when lit up with dozens of lights which project on to it from a building on the opposite corner of the square. The thin, gold-flecked spire of St. Chapelle is also lovely.

There are hundreds of concerts, art shows, fairs, sporting events, exhibitions, fashion shows; hundreds of special nights such as the students' night in the Latin Quarter, the ballet night at the Opera House, an artists' night at Montmartre.

There will be special trips in the "bateaux-mouches" ("fly-boats"), which are pleasure boats plying up and down the

FAMOUS FOUNTAINS of Versailles are among the show-pieces in Paris celebrations. Lights playing on them make a spectacular sight.

Seine, and a parade of boats called "Boats of Yesterday and To-day."

The outstanding musical event is the first concert ever held in the square court of the Louvre.

Two orchestras will perform the Berlioz "Symphonic Fantastique."

The historic old cobbled-stoned courtyard, the favorite playing-ground of Parisian children who live in its vicinity, will be lit by searchlights and will seat 10,000 people.

At the Theatre of the Champs-Elysees there will be a gala night of Parisian song when Maurice Chevalier will present a special number, "The Song of the 2000th Year."

Since each quarter of Paris is in itself a little town or village with its own personality, each will celebrate after its own fashion.

In literary quarter

ST. GERMAIN-DES-PRES,

a famed literary quarter brought into prominence by the Existentialist writer John Paul-Sartre, has chosen for the title of its celebrations "A Quarter Which Leans On Its Past."

The now-celebrated cafes of the "Flore" and "Les Deux Magots" in the shadow of the church of St. Germain-des-Pres, one of the oldest churches in Europe, will be centres of literary entertainment.

It was on the terraces of these cafes that Sartre and his followers wrote much of their works.

"Les Halles," Paris' food markets which Zola named the "Belly of Paris," will celebrate gastronomically.

Indeed, every corner of Paris will speak with its own voice. Montmartre of the opera "Louise" and of the artists Toulouse-Lautrec and Etrillo; the Arc de Triomphe of its memories of Napoleon and The Unknown Soldier; the shabby streets where Villon wandered and wrote will speak again; the Notre-Dame of Victor Hugo; and, above all, the old stones and spires on the Ile de la Cite where Paris was born 2000 years ago will join in the chorus of festival.

Discriminating Frenchmen "treat wine as a lady"

By MARY COLES,
staff reporter

A discriminating Frenchman always flirts with his glass of vintage wine between sips, says Mr. Reginald Pullum, who was the only Australian vigneron in the Bordeaux district in France.

AFTER following classical French traditions in wine making and shipping for 23 years he has now returned to Australia.

With his half-filled glass held lightly, the Frenchman marvels at the color of the wine, discusses its beauty, inhales its fragrance, inviting "the lady" to reveal her history, Mr. Pullum said.

Color and perfume will tell him much, even to the sunshine and rain which helped to produce the grapes, the climate

at vintage time, perhaps the very estate where the vine grew.

Appreciation of really fine wine is an art which needs time and patience and a deep regard for true elegance, Mr. Pullum told me.

He described his career as a wine-grower in France as the creation of a "mink-coat class of claret" at an old and melodious 30-acre property, Chateau Pomys, on the left bank of the River Gironde.

The area, known as the Medoc, links Bordeaux with the Bay of Biscay, and it is credited with producing the

most famous dry red wine in the world.

Here for many centuries French wine-growers have persuaded vines bearing small, sweet grapes to yield the most aristocratic claret it is possible to obtain from dry, gravelly soil, which is religiously tended but never artificially fertilised or irrigated.

Limited output

ALTHOUGH ideal for the production of a nearest-to-perfection dry red wine, the poor soil limits the size of the harvest, and so the vintage is an exclusive one.

The romance of fine wine-making captured Reginald Pullum's imagination when he was a lad at Geelong Grammar School.

He spent his school holi-

days at Mt. Ophir vineyards, at Rutherglen, Victoria, then managed by an English uncle, the late Malcolm Burney, who was an ardent follower of the classical French school of wine-making.

On his uncle's advice he went to Bordeaux in 1926, and, apprenticed without salary, he worked in merchants' magnificent old storehouses — called chais — and in famous vineyards.

Study brought enchantment. At the end of the year he went into partnership with a young Dutchman, Otto Quien, as a wine shipper in Bordeaux.

Shippers buy young wine and store it until it has reached maturity and is ready for sale throughout the world, Mr. Pullum said.

"Buying young wine is like selecting a yearling you hope will win you the Melbourne Cup," he explained.

When he bought the Chateau Pomys in the 1930's, Mr. Pullum became a wine-grower. Competition was fierce, and vigneron took pride in achieving perfection in their wines.

Chateau Pomys is almost next door to the vineyards of Chateau LaFite, owned by the de Rothschild family.

Mr. Pullum said that peasants and their families worked the estates, taking tremendous personal pride in caring for the three or four acres allotted to their charge.

They received three and a half barrels — about 1000 bottles — of ordinary red wine as part of their yearly wages.

During the war Mr. Pullum served with the R.A.F. as a squadron-leader. He returned to the Chateau Pomys in 1945 with his English bride, following a wartime romance.



EXAMINING THE LABEL of a 1943-vintage claret from Chateau LaFite, which was near his own estate of Chateau Pomys, Mr. Reginald Pullum, vigneron, smiles reminiscently.



CHATEAU POMYS, where Mr. Pullum produced his mink-coat class of claret before the war. After the war he returned there with his bride, who will shortly come to Australia. Gipsies helped to gather the harvest at the Chateau.

Welfare clubs make old people happy



MR. JOHN MOSS, C.B.E., who has come to Australia to investigate local methods of caring for aged people.



MEMBERS OF BRITISH OLD MEN'S CLUBS can play billiards, cards, read, or do handicrafts, and have the companionship of their contemporaries for a penny a week. Men around 65 are eligible for membership.

Visiting expert explains British way of caring for aged

By
FREDA YOUNG,
staff reporter

Anyone who fears that materialism is taking over the world should meet Mr. John Moss, C.B.E., who has come to Australia with his wife on a busman's holiday.

THIS cheerful, wiry, and good-looking Englishman, who has just celebrated his 61st birthday, has a moving story to tell of what England, despite her troubles, is doing for the welfare of her old people.

While Mr. Moss is in Australia he will make official inquiries into the prospects of big-scale immigration of unaccompanied youngsters.

He also wants to learn anything Australia can teach him about care of the aged.

To a recent meeting of the newly formed Australian Old People's Welfare Council in Melbourne, Mr. Moss recommended the club system, which is working successfully in England.

The Old People's Welfare Council, organised by the National Council of Women, is representative of about 90 church, social service, ex-Service, and benevolent organisations.

Mr. Moss, a retired lawyer, devoted his spare time earlier in his life to child welfare.

"I suppose it is because I am getting on myself that I also

became interested in the welfare of old people," Mr. Moss said with a smile.

Mr. Moss is chairman of the National Old People's Welfare Committee in England and a member of the Advisory Council of the National Corporation for the Care of Old People.

Explaining the work of these two organisations, Mr. Moss said:

"A few years ago old people had to go into big institutions to be looked after.

"Now we are trying to get smaller houses for them, where they will feel that they are at home. Or we get them to stay in their own homes.

"Old people, whether they are poor or not, should be helped to remain in their own homes.

"All over England, Old People's Welfare Committees

have been established," he added. "There are more than 600 committees.

"These committees, which are established by such bodies as the Women's Voluntary Services, Rotary, and the Salvation Army, are co-ordinated as the National Old People's Welfare Committee.

"The National Corporation for the Care of Old People was set up about four years ago with a capital of £1,000,000.

"Both of these big organisations are gradually establishing voluntary homes and clubs for the aged."

The British Government contributes money from the public purse to help them.

The clubs which have been founded throughout England are for men and women separately. There are also Darby and Joan mixed clubs.

Men and women of pensionable age, 65 and 60 respectively, are eligible for mem-

bership of the clubs, but no one quibbles if would-be members are a bit younger.

"An old man perhaps lives with a married daughter who feels the strain," said Mr. Moss. "He feels that he's a burden. It is advisable to keep the father with the daughter.

"So he is urged to stay on with her and to fill in his spare time at a club.

"That not one member of a club has had to go into an institution is attributed to the happiness they get there."

If a member doesn't attend his club for some time, an official visitor goes to his home to make sure he is not alone and ill.

"The Public Authority provides domestic help and free nursing to keep old people in their own homes," said Mr. Moss.

Another scheme is the "Meals on Wheels," which provides hot meals for old

people in their homes in cities.

Food and transport are provided by the Government, but cooking and staffing of the mobile canteens is done by the Women's Voluntary Service.

ST. ANN'S Eventide

Appeal is Tasmania's latest effort to provide a home in Hobart for any Tasmanian who in old age seeks residential care.

To date, with Government help, the appeal committee has raised £37,500 towards a £50,000 project, which is non-political and non-sectarian.

St. Ann's will accommodate 50 people in a main building, with Darby and Joan cottages in the grounds for couples who do not want to be separated.



MR. AND MRS. CHARLES COOK on the deck of the Narani, the small ship in which they sailed from Sydney for Papua, where Mr. Cook will establish and manage a dye-extracting factory. At left, a Papuan member of the crew serves tea.



Couple glad to return to the jungle

By **SHEILA PATRICK,** staff reporter

English couple Charles and Phyllis Cook left Sydney in the old N.S.W. coaster Narani recently, counting the days till they are back in the jungle.

MR. and Mrs. Cook are on their way to a river delta at Perome, 300 miles from Port Moresby, in Papua, where they will establish a factory to make a bark extract from native trees.

The Cooks like jungle life. Before coming to Sydney, where their ship took on six

months' supplies and equipment, they lived in Borneo.

In Borneo Mr. Cook was managing a factory producing bark extract, which is called cutch, and is used to dye materials khaki and to preserve fishing nets.

The bark extract, then made from a type of wattle in India, was used to color British military uniforms khaki last century after the War Office had decided that the resplendent redcoats were too easily spotted by the enemy.

Mr. Cook will use mangrove bark to make the extract in his Papuan factory.

It is claimed that this type of bark produces the best dye. The little ship which is taking the Cooks to Papua will be their home for some time after their arrival.

When I stepped across the rocking gang-plank of the Narani before it left Sydney, and made my way between piles of stores and equipment, there was an air of great adventure and excitement.

Papuan natives hustled

aboard with the last of the stores balanced on their woolly black heads. Others hurried about the decks stowing gear and getting ready for sea.

Just as I located Mr. Cook his wife came on board laden with parcels from a last-minute shopping trip.

"Oh, for the jungle!" she gasped. "I just can't wait to get back to the mangrove swamps after fighting my way about in civilisation.

"Being way up there by ourselves doesn't worry me a bit. We don't like the movies or city life, so we won't miss them. We long for the peace and quiet of the jungle."

The Cooks will certainly feel at home at the delta. Their former bungalow is being taken there from Borneo by ship. Curtains and furnishings will go back into their old places in the house.

Mrs. Cook, who helped her husband plan the expedition, is in charge of food supplies.

Her main problem will be eking out fresh meat, because the freezer has only limited

space. The factory will be supplied by Catalina from Port Moresby once a fortnight.

Sunsnits and cotton frocks are year-round fashions for Mrs. Cook, although crocodiles and sharks at Perome banish any thoughts of swimming.

"When we get settled I hope to make a garden," she told me. "We had a nice one in Borneo, and grew lots of green vegetables."

Charles Cook looks more like a city businessman than a pioneer.

He told me he was 18 years in the Royal Navy and "looked for something like this for a change."

There should be no lack of labor at the factory. About 14,000 natives with "nothing much to do" live round Perome.

The factory will ultimately employ about 2000 natives.

Used bark will be used to fill in swamps, where model villages will be constructed for native workers.

Crew of the Narani, Captain S. Muir, mate G. Munro, and engineer G. Walker, will return to Sydney when they have delivered the little ship to her berth beside the mangrove swamps at the river mouth.

Second engineer Colin Jones will stay at Perome.



Lacoria

Pure Lambs Wool

BLANKETS

MAKE *Goodnight* A CERTAINTY

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - JUNE 27, 1951

Madge and Cyril in "Private Lives"

Coward play revived at fortnight's notice

Famous Australian stage stars Madge Elliott and Cyril Ritchard, who opened in the Noel Coward play "Private Lives" at the Palace Theatre, Sydney, on Tuesday night, have scored another hit. This is the first time they have played in it.

IN 14 days, with Cyril directing and producing, the cast was picked, the decor was painted by William Constable.

Bettina Welch and Leonard Bullen are the supporting players, with young English actress Audrey Teesdale as the French maid.

We spent the day watching Madge and Cyril rehearse to exhaustion point and then we attended the first night—to be amazed at their verve and freshness.

"A day of rest before our first night," laughed Cyril in the morning, "don't be silly!"

"Why, we will be rehearsing and working on last-minute details right up to five minutes before the curtain goes up."

"Madge and I believe in working until the last minute and then relying on that supernatural assistance."

"We don't even have time for a decent meal," added Cyril Ritchard, munching a sandwich from a tray.

Sitting in the empty darkened stalls we watched Cyril, in his capacity as leading man and director, running through the breakfast-table scene.

"A bit quicker with the coffee-pouring, Maddy darling," he said as Madge juggled cups.

A little later in the play Cyril and Madge were doing the fighting scene.

"Come on Maddy dear, scream louder — 'Brute, Beast,'"

"You'll have to be more gentle in this scene," Madge protested. "Be sure you catch me when I roll off the sofa."

Cyril told us that until curtain-rise his job was to see

to such important trifles as:

- The cushion which Madge has to throw at him is a light, feather one.

- The gramophone records are available in the right spot for smashing over his head.

- The bread rolls can be easily bitten.

Cyril may as well have saved his breath telling Madge to scream louder when he beat her because the audience laughed so much she need not have said a word.

We held our breath in the cushion-throwing scene but it was the correct one, and she hit him—beautifully.



10 A.M. Madge and Cyril choose materials and furnishings for stage settings for "Private Lives."



3 P.M. Leading man and director Cyril Ritchard shows Madge, Bettina Welch, Leonard Bullen, and Audrey Teesdale how the breakfast scene should be played.



6.30 P.M. Madge and Cyril have a hurried snack before dressing for the premiere of "Private Lives."

8.10 P.M. Madge and Cyril cross their fingers for luck, as they always do on first nights (below).



9.40 P.M. Madge (Amanda) loses her temper with ex-husband Elyot (real-life husband Cyril), and smashes a gramophone record over his head.



9.45 P.M. Trying to escape from Elyot, Amanda rushes for the door, but Elyot brings her back. They are fighting on the sofa when discovered by their new spouses, Sybil and Victor.



FASHIONABLE audience of first-nighters lends glamor and excitement to the little foyer of Sydney's Palace Theatre for the first night of "Private Lives."



11 P.M. Tired but happy after a triumphant premiere, Cyril congratulates Madge in her dressing-room on her performance.



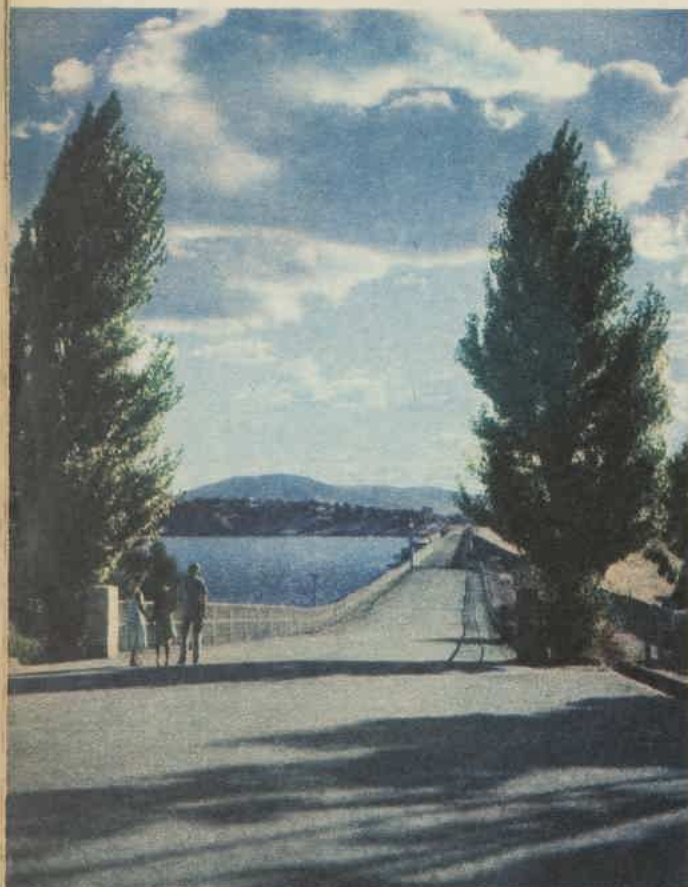
THE VICTORIAN TOWN of Tallangatta, which will be flooded when the Hume Dam's capacity is increased.



TALLANGATTA is still a busy place. This picture shows the hotel. On Fridays, which are sale days, the streets are packed with cars.



THE ARM of the Hume Reservoir seen in the middle distance will flow over these pastures when the job is completed.



SUNSET at Hume Weir. A broad concrete road runs across the weir joining New South Wales and Victoria. The road will not be submerged.

Pretty town awaits drowning

Pictures and story by MOLLY and LEO LYONS.

The small Victorian town of Tallangatta, cradled in the hills of the upper Murray River district, has been doomed to drowning in the name of progress for the last 20 years of its existence as a rural centre.

IT will be engulfed by the waters of the Hume Dam, which stands 10 miles from Albury below the junction of the Mitta Mitta River and the Murray.

Water now banks back 39 miles in the Murray arm of the dam, and 21 miles in the Mitta Mitta arm to a point not far from Tallangatta.

The Hume Reservoir has a present capacity of 1½ million acre feet.

An acre foot is an acre of water one foot deep.

This capacity will be increased soon to 2,000,000 acre feet. When this happens, Tallangatta's broad, tree-lined street, actually part of the scenic Murray Valley Highway, will be covered by 10ft. of water.

The Hume Dam was planned to have a capacity of 2,000,000 acre feet.

Mr. Jim Ronan, who has lived in Tallangatta for more than 30 years, said:

"For 20 years the threat of inundation has hung over us and has hampered development. Years ago townspeople voted to have Tallangatta re-located

around the nearby suburb of Toorak, where there are many modern homes.

"A substantial hospital has been built there, and newly completed nurses' quarters cost nearly £20,000."

Despite public opinion, ex-

flooding part of the Toorak area.

Townpeople claim that Bolga lacks Tallangatta's natural resources. They maintain that the community will be divided.

They say that many people who now live at Toorak will stay there after the township has been flooded. The hospital will not be submerged and will be five miles from the new settlement.

A modern co-operative butter factory stands near the hospital. It, too, will not be covered by the water.

Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Buchanan are both members of old district families, have large holdings of choice dairying country along the flats of the Tallangatta Creek, a pretty stream that runs through the town to join the Mitta Mitta.

Though some of their best land will be flooded, Mr. Buchanan views the prospect philosophically.

With unbiased judgment he believes that the impounding of more water will prove of greater value than the land he will lose.

About a thousand people live in Tallangatta.



RAILWAY siding at Bolga, site of the new town of Tallangatta.

pressed at a plebiscite, the Victorian Rivers and Water Supply Commission insists that the township be moved to Bolga, a site five miles along the Murray River Highway towards Albury. When the township has been moved and the resumption of land completed the weir will be raised. This is expected to take some years.

The Commission chose Bolga because the Hume Dam's capacity may, in the future, be increased to 3,500,000 acre feet,



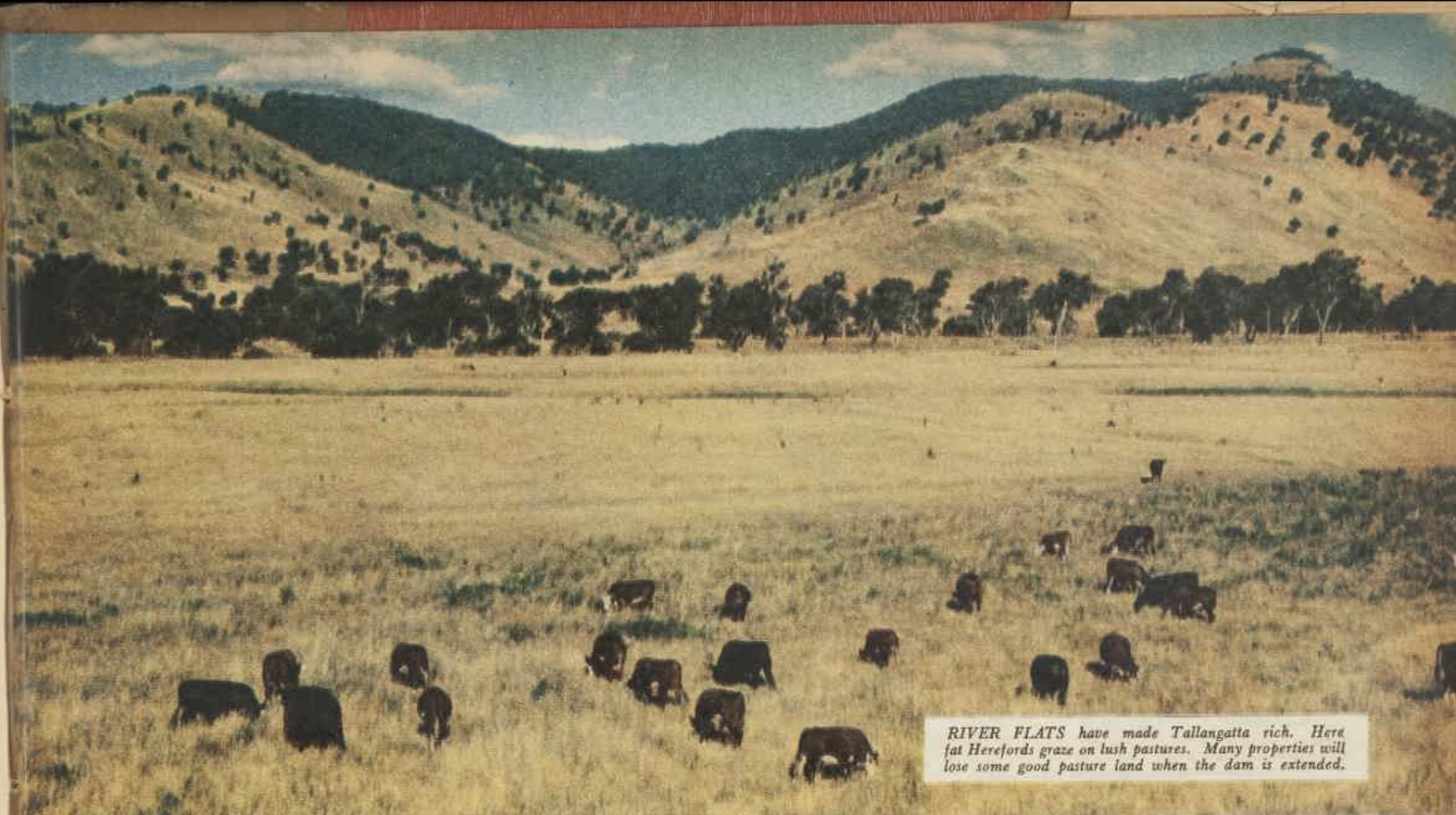
BUTTER FACTORY manager Mr. Peter Matheson with Mr. Arthur Smith, who collects cream twice daily from farms in the prosperous outlying districts of Tallangatta.



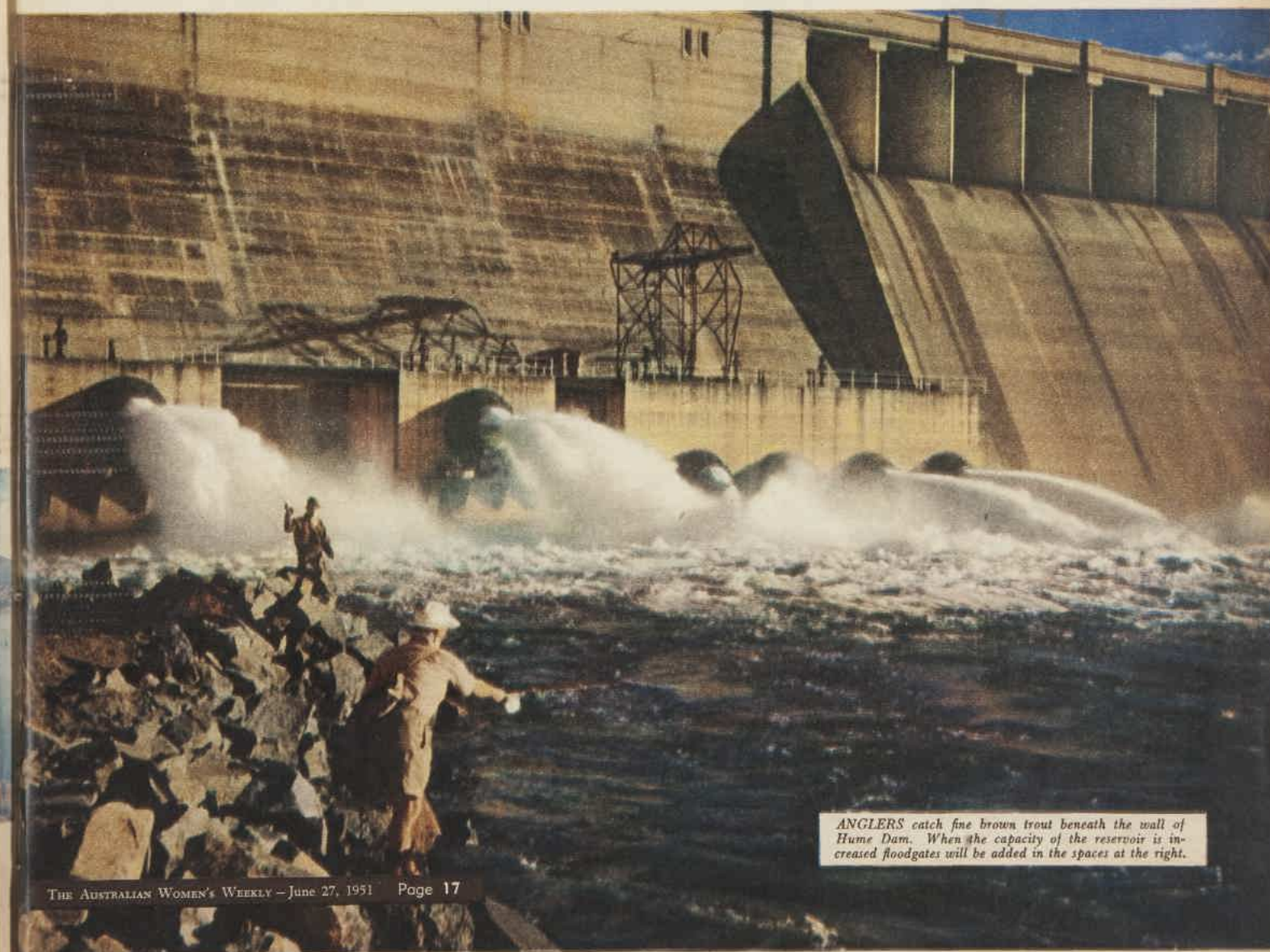
MELLOW old red-brick buildings are a feature of the town. Mr. Andy Simpson, Tallangatta old identity, is standing in the doorway of former hotel kitchen with New Australian young John Kowasaka.



SITE of the present town will resemble this picture taken on the upper Hume Reservoir, near Granya, Victoria. Many residents will mourn the destruction of their beautiful trees.



RIVER FLATS have made Tallangatta rich. Here fat Herefords graze on lush pastures. Many properties will lose some good pasture land when the dam is extended.



ANGLERS catch fine brown trout beneath the wall of Hume Dam. When the capacity of the reservoir is increased floodgates will be added in the spaces at the right.

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BOOK REVIEW

By AINSLIE BAKER

MAKING THE MOST OF WIFE
By Margery Wilson

Ever feel your wife is a liability? That you have been let down by marriage? That all you have got is a tax exemption instead of an asset?

YOU have? Then a woman who says she thinks men are wonderful creatures and has been both happily and unhappily married tells you in a cordial 222 pages how to change your liability into an asset.

She is Margery Wilson, who dedicates "How to Make the Most of Wife" to "Every man with wife trouble," and with a mixture of flattery, shrewdness, and literary abandon proceeds to show that the woman is not yet born who is not wax in a man's hands.

Your wife, Miss Wilson warns, is pretty much what you have made her. Write her off as a boring frump, and such is the strange alchemy of the married state that she will sooner or later come to look and behave like one.

So instead of deploring your luck (which was not luck, as she was your own choice anyway), build her up to the sort of woman you would like her to be.

You can do it if you are prepared to devote just half the concentration and technique you do to golf or fishing.

With devastating logic the writer points out that, as it will take you probably two years to divorce your wife anyway, you would be better employed (and save money) changing her into what you want.

"Love," says Miss Wilson, "is the greatest paying proposition in the world. Invest yourself, your money, and all the time possible in love and you will find yourself a rich man."

If you want your home to be happy, make it happy for your wife, and magically it will also become happy for you.

Miss Wilson suggests the following ways to do it:

- When you ring her up from the office do not always let it be to say, "Did you send my blue suit to the cleaners?" Ring her up as you would a friend—to have a chat.

- When you can feel a new hat coming on, make the best of it—you will have to pay for it anyway. This way you will spend the same amount of money, but get more for it.

- Walk with your wife, not indifferently behind or ahead. How can she do you credit if you advertise how boring she is, how unworthy of your common politeness?

- In public talk with your wife, instead of just throwing her an occasional monosyllable. Look at her with interest, and the rest of the world will follow.

- Buy her flowers, one if you like, and you'll be buying a lot of loyalty and richness for the future. Romance lives on slight gestures as well as large. Just feed it something nourishing every few days.

- Once in a while pay her a compliment in front of other

people. She'll blossom like a rose.

- Relate to your wife the amusing little incidents of your day. "A marriage is a mere corpse of its possibilities when a man and a woman start feeling that they do not have to be cheerful or amusing with each other," Miss Wilson says.

- A marriage licence is not a free ticket to the untamed behaviour of the jungle. If you hiccup before your wife, apologise. Do not scratch. In short, give glamor a chance, have a few reserves.

The point of all this is that no woman can be at her best until she knows she is loved.

These attentions will show her that she is loved, and she will respond by becoming the wife you want her to be.

To stay happily married it is essential to have a good quarrelling technique:

1. Do not lose your temper at the same time as your partner.

2. Leave relatives out of it.

3. Do not mention a weakness that the other person cannot help—that is cruelty.

4. Do not give a wife (or husband) the constant suggestion that he or she is wrong.

Every time your wife begs you not to sniff or crack your knuckles she is not nagging, but proving her value as a barometer of public feeling.

Miss Wilson is at her most wifely and womanly in the chapter called "Married Men Really Do Live Longer."

This is not just a cute chapter title, but a fact proved by the insurance companies.

Miss Wilson arrives at the conclusion that the untimely demise of bachelors is brought on by the undue strain of trying to remain one.

"Whether he knows it or not he is swimming up-stream against the tide," she remarks with clear-eyed candor.

"The only real point in favor of bachelorhood," the author says, "has yet to be proved."

"I refer to the commonly accepted belief that bachelors are never bothered with moths in their clothes. Well, there must be something wrong with a man even moths don't like."

Then she adds a thought to shake the complacency of the most determined bachelor:

Nine men out of ten have more property after ten years of marriage than they would had they stayed single.

This may not be in bank balance, but in a home, land, insurance, and furnishings.

If a further telling blow is needed to crumple the single male's morale, the enchanting Miss Wilson comes out with the statement that by concentrating on their own likes and dislikes, listening to themselves, and watching for their own reactions, bachelors are push-overs to develop allergies.

"Making the Most of Wife" is published by The World's Work, Surrey. Our copy from Angus and Robertson.

Editorial

Vol. 19, No. 4, June 27, 1951

NEED FOR NURSES

THE problem of hospital wings and wards closed because of a shortage of nurses is one with which every State is faced.

But this dangerous shortage will not be solved by the drastic measure of conscripting young women to train in hospitals, as suggested at a Victorian meeting of hospital managers by Colonel C. G. Rankin, manager of the Alfred Hospital, Melbourne.

Nursing is the last profession or career into which anyone should be pressed.

It is a career to which the young trainee must be drawn by her own generous attitude to life. An unwilling nurse can never be a good one, since the basis of nursing is kindness, willingness, and sympathy for those who suffer.

These qualities can never be conscripted.

It is true that, in the past, many girls who decided to make nursing their life's work eventually came to compare, often regretfully, the pay and working conditions of their key-job with those of girls in office, shops, and factories.

They began to wonder if their career was worth while and that perhaps they had been penalized rather than rewarded for their shining idealism.

The past few years, however, have brought many improvements to the profession, but have they been sufficiently realised?

Girls just leaving school should be shown that the care of the sick is now at its best an adequately paid profession with fair working conditions. It is rich in human experience and provides a secure future.

Even so, only those who put service before reward will ever make good nurses. Continuing improvements in nursing conditions is the only way to attract such girls to the hospital.

The Australian Women's Weekly

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Travel Bore

★ When you return from your long-planned trip abroad or interstate don't make the social blunder of talking incessantly about it. You'll lose old friends if you take a superior attitude.



IN THE OFFICE the girls won't welcome your return if you gloat about clothes you bought while you were away. But a friendly and modest discussion of new fashion trends will be warmly received



DON'T SHOW HIM photos of yourself with young men you met while you were away. He'll think that he was forgotten.



HELP OTHERS who plan similar trips by advising on clothes to take and travel difficulties to avoid. But don't be dogmatic in your advice or they'll resent it.



BRINGING BACK GIFTS is difficult now because of shortage of funds. But, knowing that, he'll really appreciate material proof that you remembered him.



DINING you at a good restaurant is his nice way of saying that he's glad you are home. Don't accept the compliment with blase talk about overseas cooking.

Glamour begins with a Crest

HOME PERMANENT

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"I never imagined it would be so easy to perm my own hair," says Joy Bridges. "My wave looks wonderful right from the start. People think I have naturally curly hair."

"I'm a short hair fan," says Joan Howard, "which means I'm a Crest Junior Kit fan, too. Crest gives the softest, loveliest end curls I've ever had—and saves me money as well."

"An Air Hostess has to watch her step where grooming is concerned," says Joan Wilkinson, "so I'm really thrilled with my Crest Home Perm. It's so easy to manage—I don't even have to pin it up at night."

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Square Dance Contest



ADELAIDE SQUARE DANCERS wearing Myer's square dance clothes. The girls are in blended printed cambrics, the men in coral-pink satin shirts, gold scarves, and brown trousers. Picture was taken in the studio of Rita Martin (left) and Andy Leland (right).

Victorian entrants are mostly teenagers

Victorian entries in The Australian Women's Weekly £6000 Jubilee Square Dance Contest indicate that the Victorian State Championship will be a youthful occasion.

The great majority of entries are from teams under 21.

POSSIBLY the youngest team is from Kew. The average age of the team members is nine-and-a-half.

Two other teams from Kew have an average approximate age of 17.

Entries have also been received from members of the Youth Hostels Association of Victoria and the Melbourne Teachers' College.

As announced last week, each team competing in the State finals can use its own caller.

Joe Lewis, famous Texan square dance caller, who will judge our contest, thinks that teams will have a better chance of doing their best if they dance to the caller with whom they have been practising.

If any team has not its own caller, a caller appointed by The Australian Women's Weekly will be available at all the State finals.

Joe Lewis warns women contestants that they will lose points in the contest for "overdone skirt-swishing."

"Square dancing looks very pretty when the girls use their skirts gracefully to round out the dance movements, but most of the girl dancers I have seen in Australia flirt their skirts too much," Joe said.

"I will be watching for this serious fault when judging."

Total prize-money of £6560 in The Australian Women's Weekly Jubilee Square Dance Contest will be divided as follows:

AUSTRALIAN CHAMPIONS—£3200. (This means that each member of the team of eight will receive £400.)

STATE CHAMPIONS in each of six States—£400. (£50 for each team member, winning teams still eligible to win the Australian Championship.)

SECOND PRIZE in each of six States—£100. (£12/10/- for each team member.)

THIRD PRIZE in each of six States—£60 (£7/10/- for each team member.)

In addition there is a prize of £20 in each State for the best-dressed pair competing in the State Championships.

This prize can be won by any pair of any team taking part in the State finals.

The best-dressed pairs will be judged by Mrs. Joe Lewis.

The winners of each State Championship will be given a return trip to Sydney by air and one week's holiday in Sydney at the expense of The Australian Women's Weekly.

They will compete in the Australian Championships, to

Tasmanian Championship

FOR the purposes of our £6000 Jubilee Square Dance Contest, Tasmania will be regarded as a separate State.

We have allocated an additional £560 in prize-money for the Tasmanian Championship.

Closing date for entries in the Tasmanian State Championship is July 2.

Entry forms for the Tasmanian contest are obtainable from Mr. Charles Brown, care of The Royale Ballroom, Hobart, and from "The Examiner," Launceston.

be held in Sydney on Saturday, August 11.

The Australian champion team will be given a fortnight's holiday in Sydney.

Having concluded his Melbourne exhibitions and judged the Victorian State Championship, Joe Lewis will go on to Adelaide.

His square dance exhibition programme will be:

Adelaide: Myer Emporium, July 2-7. Tickets at 6/- each are available at the fourth floor of the Myer Emporium.

Perth: Boas, Ltd., July 16-21. Tickets at 5/- each are now available at the foot of the marble staircase on the ground floor of Boas, Ltd.

Brisbane: Cremorne Theatre, July 30-August 4. Tickets at 5/- each will be available from July 16 at Paling's and the Cremorne Theatre.

After the Victorian State Championship at the Town Hall, Melbourne, on June 23, State Championships will be held at:

S.A.: Tivoli Theatre, Adelaide, July 7. Tickets at 6/- and 4/- are on sale at Cawthorne's, Rundle Street, Adelaide, from Monday, June 25.

Tasmania: City Hall, Hobart, July 17.

W.A.: Anzac House, Perth, July 21.

Qld.: Cremorne Theatre, Brisbane, August 4.

N.S.W.: Trocadero, Sydney, August 8.

The Australian Championship will be held at the Trocadero, Sydney, on Saturday, August 11.

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Mrs. B. Perry, of 6 Woniara Ave., Wahroonga, N.S.W., writes: "I suffered from constipation for years, and tried all kinds of medicines. To-day I rely on All-Bran alone, and feel a new person."

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What do you know about...

In what countries did the following dishes originate? Answers are on page 47.

1. Sweet and sour sauce.
2. Dampier.
3. Smorgasbord.
4. Clam chowder.
5. Spaghetti.
6. Yorkshire pudding.
7. Sauerkraut.
8. Rijsttafel.
9. Bouillabaisse.
10. Bortsch.

FOOD?

Joseph Benedict Chifley passes on



ELIZABETH CHIFLEY showed remarkable self-composure when she was photographed in her home at Bathurst, N.S.W., the day after the funeral.

A simple man, of great courtesy

By GEORGINA O'SULLIVAN, staff reporter

My mind was flooded with recollections of the kind and thoughtful acts I had seen Ben Chifley do as I watched the impressive cavalcade of his funeral at Bathurst last Sunday.

Plainly, many of the thousands there were recalling similar memories.

MRS. CHIFLEY, who has been in delicate health for some years, met the ordeal of the ceremonies with courage.

She is facing the future with equal fortitude.

"Ben would want me to behave as normally as possible," she said.

In the brief period I was at the Chifley home last Sunday the wire door in the front swung open about 20 times.

The dozen concrete steps leading to the verandah of her small, semi-detached house were trodden by many callers.

Among them were the Governor-General, Mr. McKell, representing the King and Queen, and the Prime Minister, Mr. Menzies.

Though for the past ten years Mr. Chifley was forced to spend much of his time in Canberra, he loved his home, and it was there that his good humor and consideration for others found their happiest expression.

Evidence of the companionship the Chifleys shared was Ben's phone call to his wife at 7 o'clock each night. Mr. Chifley was a "fine

man in the home—kind, considerate, and always good humored," according to Mrs. Isabel Clark, who has lived at Bathurst for many years as Mrs. Chifley's companion.

"When he was going away—and, as you can imagine, he was always on the move—he packed his own bag," Mrs. Clark told me in the kitchen of the Chifley home the day after the funeral.

"He used to say that if Mrs. Chifley went through his bag to get the tobacco dust out of it he would never be able to find anything.

"That was only an excuse. He really wanted to save his wife trouble.

"Nobody ever heard him say an angry or unkind word.

"He would not allow anyone else to get his early morning cup of tea. He always took a cup of tea in to Mrs. Chifley."

Mr. Chifley was not the "helpless type" in the house, Mrs. Clark added.

"If Mrs. Chifley were away and there was nobody else at home to prepare the meals, he was quite capable of doing his own cooking," she said.

As a Gallery reporter in

Canberra several years ago, I never knew of Ben Chifley doing a discourteous thing.

But I remember a particular occasion when he put the Press to shame at one of his interviews.

Someone asked a question about news that had been headlined several days before.

We all laughed outright. Chifley did not. He carefully addressed the reporter by his Christian name and answered his question as though it were the biggest news of the day.

On another occasion I heard him chastise a reporter who had published information which Chifley had given off-the-record at an interview.

He used the same tone of voice to this pressman as he had used to the other, but in few words he made it quite clear to the man that any repetition of his breach of trust would not be wise.

The Chifley "charm" can never be fully explained to the

people who did not meet the man and knew him only as a rasping voice over the radio.

It was this charm which prompted the Prime Minister, Mr. Menzies, to exclaim, when Leader of the Opposition, and Chifley succeeded John Curtin, "Why did they choose him—how can we fight him?"

I never saw Chifley and Menzies forget their courtesy to each other in their personal dealings, no matter how bitter their political battles.

When Mr. Menzies rose to address the House while Mr. Chifley was Prime Minister, the Government Whip would at once let Mr. Chifley know, and he would leave any interview or business in his office to sit and listen attentively until Mr. Menzies had finished.

Mr. Menzies paid Mr. Chifley the same courtesy.

Often while insults and accusations were being hurled across the floor of the House

EXCLUSIVE PICTURE taken during the short service for Mr. Chifley in Bathurst Catholic Cathedral. Mrs. Chifley, accompanied by relatives and friends, is second from left in the front pew. In the opposite pew are the Governor-General, Mr. McKell (and behind him Mr. Menzies), N.S.W. Governor, Sir John Northcott, and Dr. Ewatt.

I have seen Mr. Chifley and Mr. Menzies go behind the Speaker's chair for a chat.

On the afternoon of the day of Mr. Chifley's death, with Jubilee visitors from Britain, America, and New Zealand seated on the floor of the House, he and Mr. Menzies switched off their loud-speakers and apparently amicably settled some point.

Among Chifley's admirers were the uniformed messengers at Parliament House.

They regarded the tall, spare man who always wore a navy suit as their friend.

Front-door guards Les Law and Jack Withers told me:

"After Parliament was opened the day before he died he stood with us and watched the march past of troops from the window.

"He didn't go down front with all the big shots."

They recalled that when he was Prime Minister and worked in his office night after night, he would always sit on a table near the front door with the messengers, and have a chat when he returned from his customary walk.

Even when he was Prime Minister and worked late into the night, he would usually dismiss his car and driver early and walk back to his hotel smoking his pipe and giving a nightly greeting to any other late homegoer.

While tributes from world leaders poured in as the people of Australia mourned Ben Chifley, those that he would have valued most were the murmurs from ordinary people, "It's bad about Chif."



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Watch the way healthy children treat their shoes — shuffling them over asphalt, grinding them on gravel, scuffing them on concrete. See boys panting behind their billy carts, and girls playing hopscotch or skipping down the footpath. If you tried, you couldn't think up rougher treatment for shoes — and for the average child, that goes on for 30,000 steps every day! But PADDLE children's shoes have soles and uppers that will stand up to this treatment — they're shoes that will wear longer than any others you have ever bought.

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2. Paddle shoes have **LONGER WEARING SOLES**. They're strong, water resisting, and so tough they stand up to the roughest wear — but they're light and flexible too.
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4. The Paddle styles are **NEW**. Girls wear their smartly styled Paddle shoes with pride—they bring fashion to the teenager.



TUESDAY NIGHT'S PARTY. George Falkner, of Haddon Rig, Warren (left), and his wife, Pauline (third from left), with Mrs. Eric Abrahams and Lionel McPadgen at the dance given by Mr. and Mrs. Falkner at their Bellevue Hill home last Tuesday night.

Social Gittings

WITH the season's wool clip almost two-and-a-half times the value of last season's, Sheep Week is gayer than ever this year.

In a week filled with parties, one of the largest in a private home was given by George and Pauline Falkner, when they invited more than 150 guests to a dance at their home at Tokay, 26 Victoria Road, Bellevue Hill.

Attractive hostess Pauline wore a turquoise marquisette frock with a sunray-pleated skirt, the bodice embellished with matching guipure dyed

lace and sequins. A stole of the same material covered her shoulders, and she pinned slipper orchids to her corsage.

Pauline's father, Mr. Frank Weir, of Bertangles, Bowring, was at the party, but her mother is in England and her sister, Katie Galbraith, is en route there, too.

Also missing the fun of the party was George and Pauline's baby daughter Frances.

"She's well tucked in bed with nurse guarding her," Pauline told me as the strains of the orchestra floated from the ballroom.

NOTICED that most of the feminine guests at the Falkner party had evidently decided to leave the wool in the bales or else blossom forth in their new wool gowns this Saturday night at the Wool Ball. Nearly all came in satins, failles, chiffons, laces. With some it was a case of eney, meeny, miny, mo on Tuesday night as country and city members of Royal Sydney Golf Club held their annual Rams' Week Ball at the club. It was also the first night of "Private Lives," with Madge Elliott and Cyril Ritchard.

ATTRACTIVE sisters-in-law Mrs. Graham Pratten and Mrs. Eric Pratten were among early arrivals. Jean had just returned after spending a few days with her sister Claire and her husband, Bill Moses, at Gunbille, Gunnedah. Caught a glimpse of vivacious Rosemary Thompson and husband John, of Cassilis, engaged in conversation with Mr. Otway Falkner at Pauline and George's party. John and Rosemary were in line for lots of "thank yous" for their party the night before at Royal Sydney Golf Club.

MUST have been a bit hard for country folk to get "a bit of a spell," as they say, this week, as day and night there seems to have been something doing. The Australian Corriedale Association held their dinner at the Pickwick Club last Wednesday night, and on Thursday the British Sheep Breeders held annual buffet dinner at the same haunt. On Thursday, too, was the official opening of the Jubilee Sheep Show by the Governor-General (Mr. McKell). "Mac" Falkner, president of the Sheep Breeders' Association, and his attractive wife, Jeannette, of Boonoke, Conargo, received guests at a cocktail party in the members' stand following the opening.



EARLY ARRIVALS at George and Pauline Falkner's dance were Mrs. Marcel Dekyvere (left), Mrs. Doug Levy, and Mr. Dekyvere. Nola and Marcel, who are regular first-nighters, decided to transfer their theatre tickets for another night to see Madge Elliott and Cyril Ritchard in "Private Lives" when George and Pauline's invitation arrived.



BY THE FIRESIDE. Clive Caldwell (left), Mrs. Gordon Champion, her daughter Rutti, Mrs. Caldwell, Mr. Frank Weir, and Mrs. Neil Ackland photographed in the spacious ballroom of Tokay when Mr. and Mrs. George Falkner entertained.



PITT, SON, AND BADGERY hold their annual ball this Friday night on the Showboat. Grand finale of Sheep Week will be the Wool Ball this Saturday night at Romano's. Believe people who haven't a clue usually about the price of wool are all agog, as Mr. Lindsay Bell has donated bales of wool to be auctioned at the ball. Guests who anticipate attending the ball and bidding for the bales are scanning the market prices keenly.

FLAT at Hampton Court for Mrs. Bill Marks when she flew up from Melbourne to welcome home her husband, Commander Bill Marks, who is just back after distinguished service in Korean waters. There were congratulations on all sides for couple this week when Commander Marks' new appointment was announced during their stay in Sydney. He has been appointed Commander of the Royal Australian Naval College at Crib Point, Victoria. The Marks' two children, Peter and Sarah, were cared for by their grandmother, Mrs. Humphrey Clegg, in Melbourne.

SISTERS. Mrs. Claude Healy (left) and Mrs. Jim Ashton, of Mulamulong, Mandurama, with Noel Vincent and Gerry Bannister were among the guests entertained by Mr. and Mrs. George Falkner at Tokay, Bellevue Hill.

SURE there must be some worn-out palms after the deafening applause that rocked the rafters at the Town Hall when Yehudi Menuhin was guest artist with the Symphony Orchestra. The next morning Yehudi, his wife, Diana, and his sister Hephzibah left by plane for Melbourne, where Yehudi and Diana will have a holiday and be guests of Hephzibah and her husband, Lindsay Nicholas, at their home, Derrinallum, Pura Pura, Victoria.

SOLITAIRE diamond ring attractive Eva Klement is wearing was presented to her last week-end by fiancé Joe Myer. The occasion was marked by a family dinner given by Eva's parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. Klement, at their Point Piper home for the young couple.

Anne



COUNTRY INTEREST. Charles Lawrence and his bride, formerly Jean Gordon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Gordon, of Windella, leave St. Mark's. Jean's mother is State president of the C.W.A.



AT THE OPERA. The Governor, Sir John Northcott, attended a performance of Eugene Goossens' opera, "Judith," at the Conservatorium. Sitting with him are Mrs. Goossens (left), the assistant to the director of the Conservatorium, Mr. N. L. Salmon, and Elizabeth Northcott.



PALM BEACH BALL. Judge Curlewis, one of the hosts at the Palm Beach annual dance held at Prince's, chats with his guests, Miss Dot Hackney and Mrs. Ken Coles, whose black-skirted frock had a striking black-and-white beaded bodice.

Rosy Anderson's



● Ensemble in sea-green nylon, silk, or satin, above left, is trimmed with deep insertions of lace. Above right: Nightgown of finely tucked lawn is frilled with Valenciennes lace.



● Graceful housegown, above, of camellia-colored silk velvet has a big chalice-like collar and full sleeves drawn tight to the wrist.



● Pyjamas of shocking-pink flannelette are frilled by a drawstring at ankle, waist, and across the bodice.



● Brassiere, slip, and scanties, left, are combined by clever cutting. Note the fine lacing at centre of bodice.

Paris Notes.

★ Lingerie is no longer confined to pastels with cream or white lace. The Paris dressmakers are making an enchanting play on stronger colors—into soft cyclamen and dark smoky mauve—which they team with contrasting lace in dark brown, subtle greys, black, and even sapphire.

● Fine tucking gives a corselette look to the lilac nightgown, right. Centre: Slip has pleating over bust and hem outlined with appliqued satin roses. Far right: These Chinese-influenced pyjamas are chic in almost any material.

● Bands of lace with tucked frills at neck and sleeve-line give jacket effect to pink satin mousseline nightgown.

● Brown lace forms a fan motif, above left, over the bust. Centre: Bustline is prettily outlined with scallops of white satin on a blue ground. Right: Pleated nylon is held to a Grecian line by bias bands of self material.

Dorothea Johnston

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O MAKE A CAKE BAKE A CAKE BAKERS' MAN,

Deck it with tapers as quick as you can! Dozens of kiddies are coming to tea. Dear little Cuddles has just turned three. Poor little girl! We thought she'd die. Dread croup is so prevalent in July. Watching her gasping was hard to endure. Till she had Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

DRESS SENSE By Betty Keep

♦ If you have a dress problem I can help you with, write to me, addressing your letters to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

A SUIT becomes a costume with its own blouse matched to a lining.

I have suggested this idea to a reader who writes and asks for "something very nice" for a going-away ensemble.

"Could you please design me something very nice for a going-away outfit and suggest color? I thought about a suit, but wondered if it would be quite important enough for such an occasion. I don't want one of the tight-waisted jackets."

The ensemble illustrated at right is my suggestion for you to wear when you leave for your honeymoon. I use the term ensemble because of the extra importance created by the blouse matched to the jacket lining. In actual fact, it's a boxy suit. The jacket features revers cut to the waistline, a new fashion note from the Paris mid-season collections. The skirt is slim and has a stitched-down panel effect at the middle front. About color: thunder-grey flannel would be very new and chic for the suit. For the blouse I would like a striped taffeta — lemon-yellow and dark grey stripe on a pale grey background would be quite perfect.

Hemstitching

"I DON'T know if you answer queries about sewing, but I do hope you will give me the following information.

BOXY SUIT in thunder-grey flannel worn with a striped blouse.

I am hemstitching some underwear for my trousseau and am not sure whether to do the hemstitching on the right or wrong side of the material, and to use a running-stitch to hem."

The following is the correct method to hemstitch a hem: Draw the threads from your material, allowing slightly more than twice the finished width of the hem. The next step is to tack the hem into position and work from right

to left on wrong side of material. Pass needle through the hem and take up four or more threads. Pass needle round these and through the hem with a small running-stitch.

Pyramid coat

"I AM having a new coat made and have almost decided on one of those styles with a big, loose back. I think they are called pyramid coats. As the coat is to be fairly costly, I thought that before having it made up I would write and ask you if you think it will be fashionable next year."

The pyramid silhouette will continue to be worn, but numbers of designers feel that by next winter this silhouette will be modified. This season the sweep of an average "pyramid" would be well over 100 inches. My suggestion is to modify the sweep to approximately 88 inches.

New jewel accents

"WOULD you please answer my query in Dress Sense and tell me if pearls are still being worn this season?"

Yes, they are, but they look newest combined with coral, crystal, amber, or colored beads worn to match or complement the color of a costume. For instance, a pearl choker worn with two coral chokers, one above the pearls and one below, would look new and attractive with all black. For spring, turquoise is a very new accent for white, and amber a wonderful complement for all the new honey tonings.



Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make

"MYRA."—An attractive and useful house-frock made in a printed summer breeze cotton. Color choice includes sky-blue, yellow, celery-green, aqua, and pink, all printed with a black-and-white shell design.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, price 42/9; 36 and 38in. bust, price 44/6.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, price 29/3; 36 and 38in. bust, price 31/6.

"ROBIN."—A charming dressing-gown designed with a comfortable cross-over skirt. The material is printed rayon crepe. The colors available are mid-blue, aqua, and cherry-red printed with white spots.

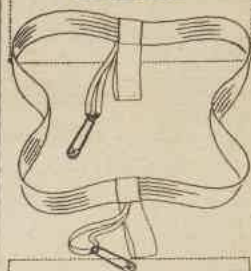
Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, price 77/9; 36 and 38in. bust, price 79/3.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, price 59/3; 36 and 38in. bust, price 61/9.



NOTE: Please make a second color choice. If ordering by mail send to address given on page 46.

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CHILD FILM STARS SHINE BRIGHTEST

Film youngsters are notorious scene stealers. Three of them corner the limelight in these forthcoming British-American films on the score of talent and charm.

• DONALD CLARK is the engaging young man holding the attention of Spencer Tracy and Elizabeth Taylor in this picture. He is the Little Dividend of M.G.M.'s new comedy, "Father's Little Dividend," a follow-on of the popular "Father of the Bride."



• JOHN HOWARD DAVIES, sensitive English boy actor (above), in a scene from "The Rocking-horse Winner," with co-star John Mills. As Paul of the D. H. Lawrence short story, he plays the dramatic and unusual role of a youngster who rides his rocking-horse to find the Derby winner.

55

• JEREMY SPENSER (below) is Britain's newest juvenile film star. He plays the leading role in "Prelude to Fame" (Two Cities). As an Italian boy with wonderful musical talent, he is shown conducting the full Royal Philharmonic Orchestra at the Albert Hall, London.





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AUSTRALIAN JOHN McCALLUM (right), his wife Googie Withers, and famous Norwegian actor Alfred Murstad make friends with one of man's best friends while on location in Norway for "Valley of Eagles." Googie, who does not appear in the film, says she went along for the holiday.

Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★★ Destination Moon

IT is hard to decide where Jules Verne stops and reality takes over in Eagle-Lion's well-made technicolor production "Destination Moon."

In any case the picture provides a first-class workout for the imagination.

It probably falls into the category of science-fiction, and, as one of the first interplanetary pioneering yarns, essays the thrills and hazards encountered by an all-male crew of four manning an atom-propelled space ship.

The layman has no way of telling whether scientific angles are meant to be taken in earnest, but the film certainly imparts a sense of conviction to happenings that would be incredible if we did not already believe that equally momen-

tous experiments are taking place in the world to-day.

Convincing performances are given by John Archer, Warner Anderson, and Tom Powers as men of foresight and science. Dick Wesson contributes some comedy.

I cannot recall seeing special effects handled more skilfully than in "Destination Moon."

When the missile finally lands on the pastel-tinted moon, which is shown as mountainous, scarred, and seemingly uninhabited, the expedition leader declares it American territory and makes short reference to its usefulness as a base from which atom bombs may be launched at the earth.

Having achieved their objective, the problem is to return to earth, which provides some of the picture's most dramatic moments.

In Sydney—State.

News from studios

From BILL STRUTTON in London

FAMOUS British yachtsman Sir Thomas Lipton, the millionaire tea king, is to be the subject of a new film. But it will not be made in Britain. Hollywood is tackling it with monocled, tea-drinking, yachting enthusiast Charles Coburn as Sir Thomas.

JAMES MASON'S little daughter, two-year-old Portland Mason, is to make her debut as an actress with Daddy as her co-star. It will be a family affair. Mrs. Mason, Pamela Kellino, will also have a part, and her former husband, Roy Kellino, will direct the film. It will be called "Backstage Disaster," and will be about the difficulties of an actor's family.

LINDA CHRISTIAN recently presented her husband with a novel birthday present. Linda commissioned a London sculptor to execute a near-nude of herself. This she wheeled into a surprise birthday party for her husband, Tyrone Power, at their London flat this week.

INGRID BERGMAN, in Paris with husband Roberto Rossellini, and knitting baby things, still won't say whether there is to be an addition to the family. For Roberto's birthday she presented him with two doves in a cage.

THE splendor and opulence of the "champagne-out-of-a-slipper" days may have vanished, but their echo can be clearly heard here. Victoria de Los Angeles appeared in the title role of "Manon," and gave an enchanting performance. She is an actress of remarkable art and accomplishment.

THE American craze for blue jeans has spread to conservative British filmdom. Glynis Johns, working on "Appointment With Venus," is introducing them as the ideal casual wear. But Glynis is so tiny that she had to import the smallest size to be found in France and have them cut down.

FRENCH star Anne Vernon, who crossed the Channel a couple of years ago to star in "A Warning to Wantons," is being tempted here again to co-star with Dennis Price in "Clementine," which she describes as a scandalous story about a leg-showing girl.

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the EMULSIFIED cream
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A1 (8)

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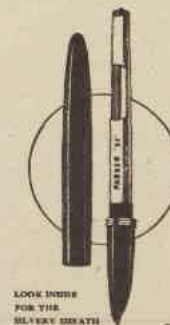
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1 RESEARCH entomologist Frances Gray (Margaret Lockwood) agrees when Mr. Hedgerley (Nauntun Wayne) asks her to go to East Europe on suspected germ-warfare plans.



2 EN ROUTE Frances arouses suspicions of authorities when fellow traveller Razinski (Marius Goring), who proves to be the Chief-of-Police, discovers and reports a quantity of scientific equipment which she failed to declare at the customs.



3 INTEREST of American journalist Bill Casey (Dane Clark) leads to him arranging an introduction to Frances.

BRITISH THRILLER

AFTER an absence of more than a year from the screen, Margaret Lockwood returns in Two Cities' thriller "Highly Dangerous," which gives her a change from the type of roles in which she has appeared in the past.

As a young British entomologist concerned with the breeding of insects for research and pest control, her adventures begin when she is sent to an East European country to investigate reports that germ-carrying insects are being bred there for use in future warfare.

In the leading male role, Hollywood actor Dane Clark adds his name to the long list of American actors and actresses who have recently made films in Britain.



4 SUBJECTED to third degree questioning by Razinski, Frances stubbornly refuses to give information. Finally released, she is ordered to leave the country within 24 hours.



5 TRICKERY is successfully used by Bill to throw off a police agent who is following Frances. Once free of observation they plan to break into and search a secret insect plant in the hope of finding war plans.



6 BLAZE in a nearby pine forest is started by Bill and Frances to divert attention of soldiers guarding the insect plant. During ensuing commotion Bill and Frances dodge the barbed-wire fence and enter plant.



7 SPECIMENS from the laboratory are collected by Frances. But, when leaving the plant, she and Bill are detected by guards who give chase. They escape the dragnet by inches.



8 RETURNING to Britain, the adventurers are told that specimens from foreign incubator tanks are infectious. Bill wants to give the story to the newspapers, but Frances, aware of international trouble this could cause, persuades him not to do so.

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as a
flower



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Choose your

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Select one of the lovely jewel-color handles.
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NO!

Don't torture yourself, stop using that toothbrush with ordinary knife cut bristles. They cut your gums.

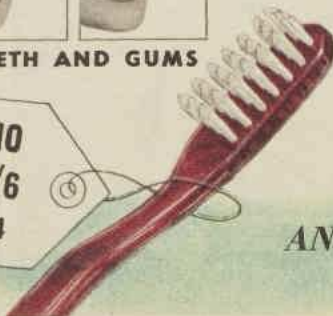
YES!

Switch to the Wisdom toothbrush. The microscope shows all Wisdom brushes have round-ended bristles. That's why you can vigorously brush your gums with comfort.



WITH THE BRUSH FOR TEETH AND GUMS

NYLON BRISTLE 1/10
NATURAL BRISTLE 2/6
WISDOM JUNIOR 1/4



Tremor—an embarrassment or an illness?

A man need not wear his heart on his sleeve, but his feelings are often shown by a tremor.

Some people shake with mirth, others in a convulsion of sobbing. Some tremble with rage, others when they are afraid. The less fortunate shake because of disease.

TREMBLING is an almost normal reaction to any deep disturbance of the emotions.

The teeth chatter. The knees knock together. And this can become very embarrassing, because most people try to conceal their feelings.

The person who trembles is written-off disparagingly as being "highly strung."

This attitude is unfair, because trembling is not consciously motivated. It depends on certain repressed fears and feelings of guilt in childhood. It may have no connection with lack of courage.

But there are some who in ordinary domestic circumstances may develop a tremor so gross that nothing will hide it. Like the stammer, the more one tries to control it the worse it becomes.

Hand trembles

THIS is called the intention tremor. It usually involves the hand which, normally quiet, commences to shake as soon as it is outstretched to take hold of some object.

It is characteristic of this type of tremor that the nearer the hand comes to the object of its grasp the greater becomes the amplitude of the tremor, so that the object is knocked over before it can be grasped.

An intention tremor may be displayed by those suffering from hysteria. Though it cannot be controlled because the neuromuscular dissociation which underlies the disorder robs the mind of conscious effort, it seldom occurs when the patient is alone and believes that he is unwatched.

This may serve to distinguish it from similar types of tremor resulting from some organic disease of the brain.

The neurotic has a variety of tremors at his command, from the finest, almost imperceptible, shake to the most ungainly and clumsy type of movement. The tremor may be generalised, involving the trunk, limbs, and head, or may be unilateral. It may only operate in one limb or may merely affect a single group of muscles.

Wherever it may be, it can be kept going for an astonishingly long time—far longer than the ordinary person could manage without fatigue.

Strange to say, the tremor is no embarrassment to the hysteric, whose indifference to what would seem like acute discomfort is proverbial. But the outward calm masks a state of mind in the very turmoil of conflict.

Some people are said to suffer from an hereditary tremor. Though normal in other respects, they apparently possess some congenital defect

in the muscular co-ordinating mechanism.

This condition is sometimes familial, and occurs mostly in children and young adults. Such a tremor is sometimes capable of arrest by a strong effort of will; and in many instances it tends to disappear with increasing age.

It is common knowledge that fatigue will cause tremor. Weakness of certain muscle groups after illness is often responsible for tremor when movement is attempted. This may prove inconvenient, but otherwise it is of little significance.

It is natural to shiver with cold. But here the generalised tremor not only serves as an indication of the cause of the trouble but is in itself a remedial measure brought about involuntarily as a means of promoting warmth by intense muscular action.

The origin of a tremor may be obvious. Its significance may be of little moment. But otherwise it should not be lightly passed by; for there are serious disorders in which tremor may be the first sign.

Any person of any age who develops a persistent tremor is advised to seek medical aid.

In a person of advancing years it may be a senile tremor for which little can be done. In this condition the oscillations affect the head and arms.

Head nodding is often the first sign noticed, but the tremor later extends to both the upper extremities. There is neither weakness nor rigidity of the muscles involved. The tremor ceases in repose and during sleep.

A fine, persistent tremor in a younger person may signify the onset of exophthalmic goitre. This is a fine, rapid tremor, affecting the hands chiefly, though other parts of the body may become involved. It is increased by movement and excitement.

Because this type of tremor may be sudden in its onset, and frequently associated with attacks of palpitation and sweating, the illness may be mistaken for an anxiety attack, and adequate treatment deferred. An enlargement of the thyroid gland in the neck with a staring, frightened expression should help to clear the diagnosis.

A unilateral fine tremor is rarely seen, but may occur in connection with a frontal tumor of the brain, when it will affect both the arm and the leg on the one side.

A fine and sometimes unilateral tremor may occur in chorea (St. Vitus' Dance). But the more characteristic signs are the choreiform movements which give the sufferer an appearance of continual restlessness.

Chorea is associated with rheumatic fever, especially in children. It must be treated with the respect due to a seri-



SHAKY HAND that jumbles a teacup is usually due to momentary nervousness. Many tremors, however, are symptoms of grave illness.

ous complaint, though in most cases it is not fatal.

The intention tremor, already described as a neurotic manifestation, also occurs in disseminated sclerosis, a chronic type of brain disease, often affecting young people. Though remitting from time to time, disseminated sclerosis eventually renders them paralysed and helpless.

Another grave disorder, now fortunately less common than in days gone by, is known as general paralysis of the insane.

It is characterised by a variety of tremors, including in some cases the intention tremor. But more typical are the fine tremors of the facial muscles, and the so-called "tremor of the tongue," which tends to jerk backwards and forwards when the patient endeavors to protrude it.

Intoxication by alcohol, tobacco, cocaine, and morphia may cause the production of tremor. Alcoholic tremor is a fine, rapid, regular movement of the muscles of the hands and tongue, and in severe cases of intoxication it may become generalised.

The Palsy

IT disappears during rest and is increased in movement and excitement. It is increased again by the want of further alcohol, which may lead to the development of delirium tremens. The cure, though difficult, is obvious.

I pass by other nervous diseases such as Friedreich's ataxia and cerebellar disorders, as they are not frequently encountered. But the shaking palsy, or paralysis agitans, and Parkinson's disease cannot be overlooked in a discussion on tremor.

Paralysis agitans occurs in the later decades of life, and is due to degenerative changes in certain parts of the brain. It often commences with a typical fine tremor in the thumb and first finger. This has been called the "bread crumbling" or "cigarette rolling" tremor.

Beginning in one hand, the tendency is in time to spread into other limbs, the head, the lips, and the tongue. In fact, the whole body may eventually become involved with the tre-

mor; muscular rigidity develops, giving a set expression to the face and a monotonous voice.

The condition is chronic and progressive. Little can be done to relieve it, although drugs of the belladonna group may for a time alleviate the more distressing symptoms.

As the result of an attack of encephalitis, sometimes after many years, certain people, either young or in the prime of life, develop Parkinson's disease, which in many ways resembles paralysis agitans.

These unfortunate people are smitten with a chronic and disabling disease, in which the tremor and muscular rigidity become more marked as time goes on.

The face becomes mask-like. When they smile, the change breaks slowly over the facial muscles like a slow-motion picture. But otherwise the mouth hangs open and a continual dribble of saliva adds to their misery.

Physicians cannot cure, and can only relieve, the symptoms of Parkinsonism by prescribing increasing doses of relatively new drugs.

Surgery also plays a part in relieving the tremor in these cases. The operation is known as cordotomy, and neurosurgeons claim success in chosen cases.

It is a delicate operation in which the lateral column of the spinal cord is severed at the second cervical segment.

The immediate effect of the operation is to eliminate the tremor; but with it occurs a temporary paralysis on the same side of the body and loss of the sensation of pain and temperature on the opposite side.

The paralysis disappears during convalescence, and the patient is left without tremor, although his pain and temperature sense is defective on one side.

Such an operation should be undertaken before the tremor has spread to both sides of the body.

It may occasion risks that some surgeons would not undertake and some patients would decline. But neurosurgery is a young science, and this operation may well be but an earnest of what yet may be achieved.

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"Your Quick-Eze have been a great help to me. They act so quickly when taken for indigestion or heartburn that I have had no hesitation in recommending them to all I know who suffer from these ailments. 'Even were they three times the price, I would still continue my practice of having a packet in the waistcoat pocket of all my suits.'"



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Quick-Eze are dispensed from a proved antacid prescription and contain the correct, carefully blended proportion of 5 highly effective specifics. This formula acts quickly but safely to neutralise excess acid in the stomach and bring relief in seconds from indigestion, heartburn and all other digestive upsets. Thanks to their Magnesium Trisilicate content, Quick-Eze also restore the digestive system's correct acid-alkaline balance, thus helping to restore the digestion to normal.

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GENERAL VIEW of Mr. and Mrs. Alan Williams' historic home at Werrington, N.S.W. Of Georgian design, the house was built in 1806 by Mary Putland, daughter of Governor Bligh. Within 12 months of the death of her husband, Lieutenant Putland, Mary married Sir Maurice O'Connell.



MRS. ALAN WILLIAMS pauses on the old circular brick walk to admire the beauty of her petunias. More than 3000 roses bloom along the drive and in the five-acre garden surrounding the home. Mr. and Mrs. Williams' aim in life is to restore and keep Werrington Park in its original state of splendor.



MR. ALAN WILLIAMS and a friend survey the countryside and the tiny town of Werrington, which boasts about thirty-seven houses, including the home once owned by Governor King. From this miniature balcony can be seen on clear days Barrenjoey Lighthouse and the entrance to the Hawkesbury River.



OLD-FASHIONED PILLARED ENTRANCE porch and verandah. Panelled front door leads into small dining-room. The brass plate on left wall bears the names of owners since the death of Mary Putland.



GLIMPSE of one of the superb four-poster Jacobean beds with its lovely Jacobean-design quilted spread. There are five bedrooms on the upper floor which are very spacious and lead on to balconies.

Historic homestead

● One hundred and forty-five years ago, Mary Putland (later Lady O'Connell), favorite daughter of Governor Bligh, was given a 300-acre land grant at Werrington, N.S.W.—just beyond Parramatta. There, on top of a hill, her house was built and named Werrington Park. To-day, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Williams own the house. They have furnished it with grace, and so it stands—a serene link with a stirring past.



ANOTHER VIEW of the resplendent reception rooms, showing the windows overlooking the undulating countryside and a door to the garden. Here, in the early years of the Colony, Governor Bligh and his aides often forgathered.



WESTERN END of first reception room. The sideboard is mahogany. The solid rosewood table stands majestically in the centre. At left, the door opens into the second reception room.



THE LONG BALLROOM with its mellow, polished tallow-wood floor has been the scene of many glittering assemblages. Glorious mountain views can be seen from the circular balconies opening off ballroom.



SECOND RECEPTION ROOM houses lovely old pieces, including the cedar cabinet (left) made by convicts. On the shelves are historical treasures. A massive wall-mirror reflects the richly toned furnishings.



THIS PAINTING OF MARY PUTLAND, first owner of Werrington Park, hangs above the beautifully proportioned fireplace as it did one hundred and forty years ago. The panel at the extreme right of fireplace forms a secret door leading to the cellar. The fender-stool and fire-irons are treasured antiques.

H OPE twisted around to me. "Do you feel that, too, sometimes? That you want time to stand still?"

"Right now I do."

"It never works. I've tried. But one can't hold back the hands on the clock."

At the Toll House we waited twenty minutes. Then to a table in the terrace room with all the windows.

She was fascinated with the little copper baskets that the fairy toast came in. I bought her one. She smiled as she thanked me.

"Do that again," I said.

"What?"

"Smile."

She smiled again. Then she laughed.

"Oh, Sam," she said. Her eyes were a little moist. I reached over and squeezed her hand.

"There," I said. "Things aren't so bad now, are they?"

"Not with you, Sam."

Beauty in brief:

Massage movements

By CAROLYN EARLE

● Hands and feet have an uncomfortable habit of becoming, and remaining, cold this weather, particularly if you have to sit at a desk or table most of the working day.

ONE of the quickest ways I know to recapture the sense of well-being that stems from lively circulation is to apply massage to the affected area.

Massage for stimulating purposes is applied in the direction toward the heart, so massage from the fingertips toward wrists and elbows for cold hands and blue nails.

Press quite deeply in a pattern of overlapping circles, using the cushions of the four fingers of one hand on the opposite number, working first up the outer side of the arm to the elbow. Press in circles also on the inner arm, from palm to wrist to the elbow curve.

Talcum powder, light oil, or cream facilitate massage movements and prevent irritating friction.

Massage from the toes to ankles and knees for cold feet. Use thumb cushions to massage each toe with a rotary movement, and manipulate both hands together to massage the upper and sole of each foot for a few minutes.

The Frightened Lady

Continued from page 10

"That's the way it'll be from now on."

We had dessert. Then we sat a while over our coffee. It was almost nine o'clock.

"We could catch a picture," I said. "Or we can go somewhere and dance."

"The Palace?" she smiled.

"If you like. Do you often go there?"

"No," she said. "It was my first time. I passed it, going to a film last week. Then last night—"

She broke off, frowned, then went on: "I did so want to dance. So I decided to go. It was a silly impulse, and when I got there, the men—everything—scared me."

"Me too?"

"No, not you, Sam."

"Good," I said. "Well, there are other places."

"We could go for a little ride," she murmured.

I drove her out Route 3A to Scituate. We took the beach

road along the cliffs until we reached a gravelled spot along the steel-cabled guard rails. In the distance, a lighthouse flashed across the waters. I dimmed the lights and leaned back.

Down below us I could hear the Atlantic surf pounding itself to death against the black rocks. The phosphorescent foam gurgled and swished, looking much like soapy suds. The stars looked so big and so near that you thought you could almost reach up and pull them down for the one beside you.

I let the window down, so we could get the tang of the salt air.

"It smells delicious," she said. "Let's go out and stand at the rail."

We got out and walked across the gravel. I stood very close to her, wanting to say things to her I had never said to any other girl. I couldn't. I had only known her two days.

"I'd like to know what's bothering you," is what I did say. "I don't like that scared look you had in your eyes."

"Nothing's bothering me now. We're going to be friends, Sam."

"Friends," I said, "and maybe more." I slid my arm under her coat and around her. I could feel her back tense up as she edged away.

"Just friends," she whispered.

"Just friends," I said as I moved back. "I'll call you Miss Desmond from now on."

Her face was pale as she turned to me. "How did you know?" she asked softly.

"Know what?"

"That Desmond part. I never told you."

"I found out."

"Who sent you, Sam?"

"Me? Nobody sent me. What's wrong?"

"Somebody sent you," she said tonelessly.

She did it abruptly. Her hands grabbed the steel rail and slid along the shiny, wet surface. One leg went on to the cable, then over it. She was starting the other leg over when I jumped for her. I caught her around the waist and held. She struggled. We stumbled and fell to the ground together.

"Don't ever do that!" I said. "It's a long way down!"

She began to cry there on the ground. My arms tightened around her and held her fast. I let her cry. I let the deep sobs rack out of her. Her head was on my shoulder and I sat there and stared out to sea.

Then she stopped, and began to look for her handbag. I took out a handkerchief and wiped her tears away.

"All right now?" I asked.

"I'm all right."

"It's damp on the ground," I said. I got up and put my hands out to her. She rose to her feet and began to brush her coat.

"Nobody sent me," I said. "Honestly. Your name was on the mailbox. I pecked. Do you want to talk about it now?"

"No."

"You're hiding from something."

"Am I?" she asked bitterly.

"Does it show so badly?"

"Like a neon sign. It might do some good to let your hair down."

"Please take me home."

"Okay, okay. I won't mention it again. Ever. Now can we be friends?"

"Take me home."

I drove her home in silence. When we arrived there she stepped out of the car. "Thank you," she said. "Please don't come back again." She ran up the stairs and inside.

To be continued

Needlework Notions

No. 845—SMOCK

Smart and useful smock is available in check gingham cotton and is cut out ready to make in blue and white, red and white, and green and white. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 23/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 24/11.

NOTE.—Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Needlework Notions over 6/11 sent by registered post.

847



No. 847—PLATE AND FEEDER SET

Ideal set for the small one is cut out in British cotton in shades of pink, blue, green, and lemon. Contrasting spotted material for applique pieces is supplied. Mat measures 11in. x 17in.; feeder measures 8in. x 11in.; price 5/3, complete.



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This pretty set is cut out ready to make in variegated spotted organdie on grounds of pastel pink, green, blue, and white. Lace to finish is supplied. Centre mat measures 12in. x 14in., and the smaller mats 8in. x 8in., price 6/11, complete.

No. 848—EVERY-DAY-IN-WEEK PANTIES

These attractive garments are cut out ready to make in rayon crepe-de-chine in pastel shades of blue, pink, green, lemon, and white, or British cotton in pastel shades of pink, blue, green, and lemon. Sizes: SW, W, and OS crepe-de-chine, price 12/11; cotton, price 7/9.

Send your orders for Needlework Notions (note prices) to Pattern Department at address given for your State on page 46. Patterns may be obtained from our offices in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Adelaide.



They used to call me "CRY BABY" ...but I'm a good girl now!

THOSE BAD COLDS of mine used to make me cough and sneeze something awful! I couldn't sleep either. And cry? Of course I cried! Especially when they made me swallow some bad-tasting medicine that only made me feel worse ...!



BUT ONE DAY dear Grandma came to my rescue. "Look," she said to Mummy, "Isn't it time you tried Vicks VapoRub? Children love it, you know. And Vicks VapoRub ends colds faster. I thought every young mother knew that!"



SO MOTHER RUBBED Vicks VapoRub on my chest, throat and back at bedtime. My, it felt good! Right then and there I started to feel better, with those wonderful vapours clearing my nose, and that lovely warm feeling in my chest.



NEXT MORNING, after a sound sleep, I woke up feeling fine. I could hear Mom say to Dad: "Look, Jim, our little cry-baby looks like a smile-baby now! And next time any one of us catches a cold, we'll know just what to do!"

PROVED BEST FOR CHILDREN'S COLDS

—OVER 40 MILLION TIMES A YEAR!

IN 71 COUNTRIES, over 40 million jars of Vicks VapoRub are used every year. So, don't take chances with untried remedies! VapoRub's direct, double action is home-proved and time-tested:

1. LIKE A WARMING POULTICE, VapoRub gently "draws out" achy chest tightness and congestion. And, at the same time—
2. ITS MEDICINAL VAPOURS are inhaled with every breath—and clear stuffy nose, soothe sore throat and calm coughing. Try it!



Dress up your bedroom... the way they do in Hollywood!

It's so easy, and so marvellously inexpensive, to have a truly lovely "Hollywood-style" bedroom! Simply replace your existing spread with one of the beautiful new Pacific SUPER-TEX chenille throw-overs or Velwic tailored spreads that are now available at your favourite store... with Pacific SUPER-TEX chenille curtains and Pacific SUPER-TEX "Ruggle-Twist" scatter rugs to match! Out on their own for value, they are to-day's biggest bargain in chenille... and a sensible investment in the home, too, because Pacific SUPER-TEX chenille spreads save the cost of an extra blanket... and keep "new-looking" for years with ordinary home laundering! In 14 glorious rub-fast colours:

Royal Blue	Blush Pink, Powder Rose
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Champagne	Mushroom Pink
Coral Pink, Burgundy	Ivory and White



For the loveliest in chenille look for the famous red oval!

Pacific SUPER-TEX bedspreads are available in both standard chenille and the thrilling new VELWIC chenille that looks and feels like costly velvety corduroy! Nothing else quite so lovely, or quite so good! So insist on Pacific SUPER-TEX and

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—JUNE 27, 1951

Page 35

'HYPOL'

**..YOUR SAFEGUARD AGAINST COUGHS,
COLDS AND WINTER ILLS!**

FOR over 60 years 'HYPOL' has protected users from Coughs, Colds and Winter Ills, and each year more and more people use 'HYPOL'. Pleasant and easy to take, 'HYPOL' contains pure genuine Cod Liver Oil, together with Sodium and Calcium Hypophosphites, in a milk-like emulsion. The Cod Liver Oil content of 'HYPOL', for purity and vitamin potency, is clearly marked on each bottle, and conforms to the requirements of the British Pharmacopoeia. It is rich in essential life-giving vitamins A and D, and these build up the body to resist Coughs, Colds, Chest Complaints and other Winter Ills. By taking 'HYPOL' you build up a natural resistance to these ills with safety. Don't wait till illness gets you in its grip, but start right away on that daily dose of 'HYPOL'.

'HYPOL' contains no injurious drugs, and can be taken with confidence by old and young alike. 'HYPOL' is especially good for infants and young children, as it promotes strong natural healthy growth, and builds body resistance to infection and disease. Get your bottle from your chemist or store, and start yourself and the whole family on that daily dose of Health-giving 'HYPOL' now. No Home should be without 'HYPOL'.



"No doubt about 'Hypol'" Read this testimony . . .

Dear Sir,

You have no idea how pleased my husband and I were that our son, Paul Lester Doyle, aged one year and 10 months, was judged the Champion Baby of the Queens Park Baby Show, and was awarded the 'Hypol' Cup. You will be interested to know that, since Paul was four months old, I have been giving him 'Hypol' and there is no doubt in my mind that 'Hypol' is largely responsible for his present fine, healthy condition. I would recommend every mother to give 'Hypol' to children of all ages, and so build healthy children.

Yours faithfully,
EDNA ELIZABETH DOYLE.
(Signature)

P.S.—You have my permission to use this testimonial in your publicity.

DOSAGE for INFANTS and YOUNG CHILDREN:

6 months to 12 months . . . ½ teaspoonful 3 times daily
One year to 2 years . . . ¾ teaspoonful 3 times daily
3 years to 7 years . . . 1 teaspoonful 3 times daily
7 years to 10 years . . . 2 teaspoonfuls 3 times daily
10 years to 14 years . . . 3 teaspoonfuls 3 times daily
14 years and upwards . . . 1 tablespoonful 3 times daily



No home should be without 'HYPOL'

Certificate

Purity and Biological Value

It is Certified that the consignment mentioned herein is Pure Genuine Cod Liver Oil rendered at sea from absolutely fresh livers and produced on board the tankers of our own fishing fleets.

Further, it has been examined and tested physically, chemically and biologically by the standard methods.

Also it has been found to possess an odour and taste consistent with it being a Pure Undamaged Cod Liver Oil and to conform in all respects to the Specification of the British Pharmacopoeia for Cod Liver Oil.

Certified by BRITISH COD LIVER OILS (HULL & GRIMSBY) LTD.



Chief Biological Chemist

The Cod Liver Oil used in 'HYPOL' is imported direct from British Cod Liver Oils (Hull & Grimsby) Ltd. and each shipment is certified for Purity and Biological value.



The pure genuine Cod Liver Oil is examined and tested physically, chemically and biologically at the Biological Test Station of British Cod Liver Oils (Hull & Grimsby) Ltd.

'HYPOL' is the Proved Family Medicine for these Complaints

COUGHS • COLDS • INFLUENZA
BRONCHITIS • GENERAL DEBILITY
CONVALESCENCE • MALNUTRITION
LOSS OF ENERGY • LOSS OF WEIGHT

GUARANTEE

Every bottle of 'Hypol' is guaranteed to contain 50% pure genuine Cod Liver Oil with Vitamins A and D potencies as stated on the label. This is your safeguard.

29/11/51



Your silverware
will stay
brighter, longer
when you use..

KIWI GLINT

The Multi-purpose Cleaner
That Saves Time, Energy and Money.

Just wipe on Glint—and wipe off
dirt. Silverware gleams with
sparkling brilliance—and stays
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polishing. Glint is excellent for
chromium and stainless steel—and
wonderful for windows!



2 1/6 TIN

Slightly higher
in some
country centres

TEENA



...dream girl, dream girl,
Beautiful Lustre-Creme Girl
...hair that gleams and glistens
From a Lustre-Creme shampoo



Tonight!.. Show him how
much lovelier your hair can look..
after a **Lustre-Creme Shampoo**

Tonight he can see your hair
sparkling with unexpected
sheen... FEEL your hair care-
ably soft and silky... if you
use LUSTRE-CREME to-day. Only
Lustre-Creme brings you Kay
Dammitt's magic formula for
glamorous hair as you wash
it. A blend of secret ingredients
plus gentle lanolin. Lustre-
Creme gives "loveliness lather"

even in the hardest water.
Leaves hair fragrantly clean
and free of loose dandruff;
gives new, shimmering beauty
to all "hair-dos" or permanents.
Beauty-wise American women
have made LUSTRE-CREME
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the lovely results.

PRICES: SMALL, 1/7; LARGE, 3/4

Not a Soap!
Not a Liquid!
But Kay Dammitt's rich
Lathering Cream
Shampoo with Lanolin



In a tube for your convenience

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Pure, safe

Vaseline

PETROLEUM JELLY

Remember, there is only ONE
"Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly—the
one pictured above. This is the
scientifically refined and purified
Petroleum Jelly—which never
varies in odour, colour and
purity. Be certain you get safe,
pure "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly.
Always ask for it by its full
name. Keep it in your house for
101 daily uses.

At all chemists and stores.

"Vaseline" is the Registered Trade
Mark of Chesebrough Mfg. Co. Con'd.

VJ12

ARIES (March 21-April 20): Chalk up a victory if you're content to make your headquarters in the little old homestead, merely sallying forth occasionally on light reconnaissance to keep in touch with the situation. Important news on June 28.

TAURUS (April 21-May 20): Watch the printed word if you hope to "hear something to your advantage," and the telephone may ring, or the postman blow his whistle. June 27 for a quick decision.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21): That gilt-edged investment about which you dream is there to be found if you look long and carefully into all the corners, but don't let anybody palm off a gold brick on you on July 2.

CANCER (June 22-July 22): If you keep your little craft tied up at the wharf you won't be in the race. With fair weather ahead, try out your seamanship and set sail for parts unknown.

LEO (July 23-August 22): Counting your chickens before they are hatched is a risky business. Keep those eggs in the incubator at a moderate temperature, allowing a reasonable time for plans to mature. Careful on June 26.

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

As I read the Stars

By
EVE HILLIARD

VIRGO (August 23-September 23): The plot of a good story calls for a happy ending. If it's a love story, you may be nearing the climax. If it's a sporting or "big business" tale, the solution should be near at hand. June 27 could find you glued to the page.

LIBRA (September 24-October 23): Better take your umbrella and raincoat on June 30. A cold downpour could play havoc with your schemes. After the shower, fair weather and a wind blowing from a warmer quarter on the morning of July 2.

SCORPIO (October 24-November 22): Swim with the tide and be carried out to sea. You can bypass that waterfall and gain upstream advantages through the famous curiosity of your tribe. Otherwise you'll end up a "poor fish" on July 2, among hidden reefs.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23-December 20): Gallop ahead. The ground may be uneven, but you've a long way to go and will only champ on the bit if forced to suit your pace to the less dashing. Where you fully expected a hurdle, somebody may open the gate for you on June 29.

CAPRICORN (December 21-January 19): Still on the up and up. Capricorn stocks have a high value in personal, social, or business circles. The home-town boy or girl makes good and wins a chance to answer the 64-dollar question correctly—June 28 the flash point.

AQUARIUS (January 20-February 19): Facing a minor revolution in regard to occupation? Upheavals are what Aquarians thrive on. The hail-open door could give you a glimpse of new worlds to conquer. The 29th might resemble an earthquake, but you won't be sorry in the long run.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): Keep the other fellow dangling and you'll lose him. Hold out for time on that proposition and Lady Luck will call another name on the list. July 2 will suit few people, yet Pisceans can consider it the cat's whiskers.

The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.

**NOW! Dental Science Shows that
Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with**

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST

Better Than Any Other Way
of Preventing Tooth Decay According to Reports
in Authoritative Dental Literature!



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AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES
—case histories of hundreds of
people who used Colgate Dental
Cream right after eating—shows
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best! Better than any other home
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Yes, both clinical and X-ray
examinations showed the Colgate
way stopped more decay for
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Get more for your money! FAMILY ECONOMY SIZE, ONLY 3/6



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COLGATE TO CLEAN
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TEETH—AND HELP
STOP TOOTH DECAY!

COLGATE
BIRCHMOUNT DENTAL CREAM

No Other Toothpaste or Powder
AMMONIATED OR NOT
Offers Proof of Such Results!

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MORRIS MINOR — Bristles with "big-car" features: Within the wheelbase seating for 4; independent front-wheel suspension; new "mono" construction; rust proof body; brilliant performance. The world's biggest small-car buy.



WOLSELEY — The "Four-Fifty" and "Six Eighty" are silent witnesses that, in the hands of Wolseley craftsmen the modern motor car can be a thing of shapely beauty without the loss of an inch of space or a decimal point of performance.



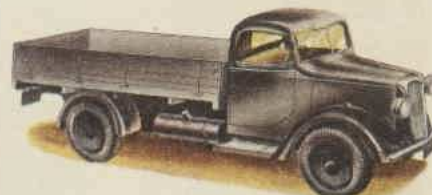
RILEY — "as old as the industry, as modern as the hour"; one of the world's outstanding cars and certainly the most thrilling to drive. 12 litre Saloons, 25 litre Saloons, 25 litre Drop head Coupe — for Magnificent Motoring.



MORRIS OXFORD — Sparkling performance through all gears; 41 h.p. motor; wind-cheating lines; torsion-bar suspension; steering column gear-shift; ample room for 5. Blends comfort, power, economy.



MG — The "Midget," Series "TD," most talked about sports car in the world; the most popular, too, and the most successful. A blue ribbon thoroughbred that "maintains the breed."



MORRIS-COMMERCIAL — Trucks, tippers, cans, utilities—vehicles in capacities from 5 cwt. to 7 tons in Australia's widest range of commercial vehicles. "Morris-Commercial Saves money every mile."



MORRIS SIX — Powerful, spacious, smooth-riding; carries 6 in real luxury; 6 cylinder engine develops 70 h.p., cruises effortlessly; torsion-bar suspension; rust proof—all you could wish for in a motor car.



NUFFIELD UNIVERSAL — Has everything! Does everything! Farm-proved in use through out the Commonwealth ideal for Australian conditions. Complete range of attachments—agricultural and industrial. Diesel and kerosene models, 3-wheel, 4-wheel.



NUFFIELD PRODUCTS ARE BUILT AND BACKED BY A NAME YOU CAN TRUST...
and
THEY ARE SOLD AND SERVICED BY AUTHORISED NUFFIELD DISTRIBUTORS AND DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE COMMONWEALTH



NUFFIELD (AUSTRALIA) PTY. LTD., VICTORIA PARK, ZETLAND, SYDNEY, N.S.W.

Don't let
these eyes...



become these



PROTECT YOUR EYESIGHT
Sun-glare experienced during active sports can cause eyestrain and headaches. So can "close work" such as reading, office work, knitting. Look for these...

DANGER SIGNALS

Smarting Bloodshot whites
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Watering Crusted lashes

At all times take care of your eyes. Rest them, protect them by bathing them regularly with Optrex Eye Lotion.

Free glass eye-bath with every bottle.
Price, 4/3/- triple size 7/2, at all chemists.



Optrex
the EYE LOTION
OF 28

**DANDRUFF
MEANS
DANGER**

UNSIGHTLY DANDRUFF leads to falling hair, and quite possibly premature baldness. This can be prevented by daily use of Barry's Tricopherous. A few drops of Barry's Tricopherous keeps the hair healthy and imparts a well groomed appearance.



For naturally
lustrous hair

NOURISH THE ROOTS WITH
BARRY'S

Tricopherous
Price 4/6
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Mandrake the Magician

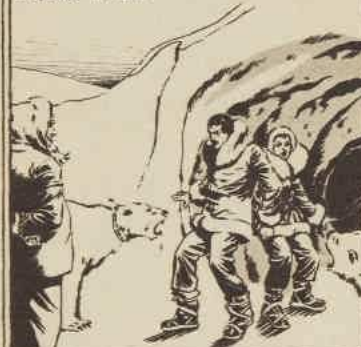
MANDRAKE: Master magician, **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, and **PRINCESS NARDA:** Are searching for a city of jewels in the Polar regions with **MUNDEN:** An explorer. While Mandrake and Munden fly in an amphibian to continue the

search, the Polar Bear Pirate appears on the ship. Lothar is injured, and Narda is kidnapped. Mandrake returns to the yacht, but takes off immediately to rescue Narda. He finds her, and after a fight he binds the pirate and releases Narda. **NOW READ ON.**

TOGETHER, THEY EXPLORE THE POLAR BEAR PIRATE'S ICE CAVE. IT IS FILLED WITH LOOT FROM A DOZEN RAIDS! SUDDENLY, THEY HEAR A SHRILL WHISTLE OUTSIDE—



"STEP OUT OF THE WAY, LADY. THEY'RE HAVIN' HIM FOR SUPPER—NOT YOU! YOU'RE STAYIN' WITH ME!" CALLS THE PIRATE. —"I'M STAYING WITH MANDRAKE!" RETORTS NARDA.



"I CALLED MY PETS BACK! THEY'RE ALL VERY HUNGRY! SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO WITH THEM, MISTER MAGICIAN!" LAUGHS THE PIRATE, MOCKINGLY, AS THE GIANT "PETS" ROAR AT THE STARTLED PAIR!



"SOON AS I GET MY HANDS FREE, I'LL PULL YOU OUT OF THE WAY, SO THEY CAN HAVE MINE! EVER SEEN A BEAR AS SMART AS THIS? HE'LL CHEW THIS ROPE RIGHT OFF! HE'S MY LEAD BEAR."



"IT'S DIFFICULT TO USE HYPNOSIS ON AN ANIMAL, BUT IT CAN BE DONE," WHISPERS MANDRAKE. HE GESTURES HYPNOTICALLY AT THE LEAD BEAR—AND A CURIOUS THING HAPPENS!



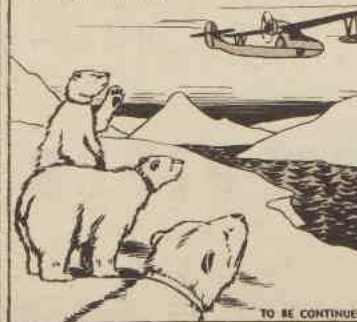
"WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? IT'S ME!" CRIES THE PIRATE. BUT IN THE EYES OF THE BEAR—



"SEND AWAY YOUR PACK," ORDERS MANDRAKE. THE PIRATE OBEYS. "WHAT MADE MY LEAD BEAR TURN ON ME?" HE DEMANDS, MYSTIFIED. —"JUST A HYPNOTIC TRICK," LAUGHS MANDRAKE. "COME ON, YOU'RE GOING WITH US, INTO OUR YACHT'S BRIG."



"YOUR BEARS WILL BE BETTER OFF WITHOUT YOU, BACK TO NATURE," ADDS MANDRAKE. "NOW, WE'LL CONTINUE OUR SEARCH FOR THE CITY OF JEWELS, AND THEY FLY BACK TO THE ARGOS—AND STRANGE ADVENTURE."



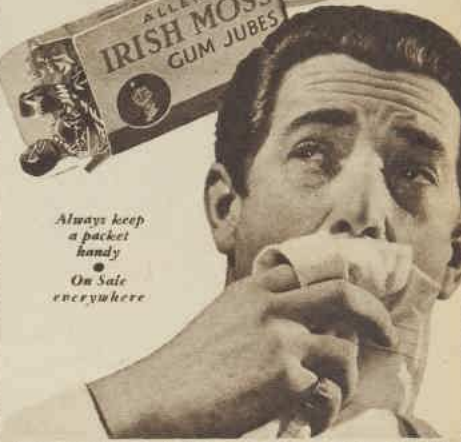
TO BE CONTINUED

When coughs, colds
or a sore throat leave
you feeling miserable...

"HERE'S JUST WHAT THE
DOCTOR ORDERED!"



Always keep
a packet
handy
On Sale
everywhere



You can feel them doing you good!



Ask for
Genuine

WEBCO
Guaranteed Quality
ELASTIC



There are 70 different Webco braided and woven elastics to choose from, all long wearing and of excellent appearance. Webco elastic withstands the test of washing and boiling, so, when next you are buying, say "Webco" before you say "Elastic".

In 3 or 6 yd. cards or in individual lengths.

MADE BY AUSTRALIA'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF ELASTIC



Announcing the **NEW**
Activated
OLD DUTCH
CLEANSER

LESS RUBBING —
DISSOLVES GREASE INSTANTLY
TRY IT TODAY!

CHASES DIRT



“THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING
IS IN THE EATING”

TOM PIPER *Rich* **PLUM PUDDING**

T O M P I P E R - T H E N A M E O F G O O D N E S S

Fireside supper

By Our Food and
Cookery Experts

Foods easily managed in the fingers, or with one small plate and a small knife or fork, are the best choice for supper beside the fire.

WHEN it's a "family only" occasion the food is usually simple — perhaps just toasted crumpets and a hot drink.

If crumpets are being toasted or if buttered toast is a family favorite, try some of the savory butters suggested on this page. They are easy to prepare and very appetizing.

As well, here are recipes for other things suitable for serving at the fireside.

Spoon measurements are level.

PRAWN BOATS

Six ounces shortcrust pastry, 1 tablespoon butter, 3 dessertspoons flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ cups milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. shelled prawns (reserve a few whole ones for garnishing) or 1 small tin whitebait drained free of liquor, parsley.

Roll shortcrust thinly, cut and line boat-shaped tins. Cut pieces for sails from remainder of pastry, place on oven-tray. Cook boats and sails in hot oven 8 to 10 minutes. Melt butter, add flour, cook 2 to 3 minutes without browning. Stir in milk, continue stirring until boiling. Season with salt, pepper, and lemon juice. Add chopped prawns or whitebait. Fill into pastry cases, press sails into position. Reheat just before serving. Garnish with parsley and whole prawns.

CHERRY NUT SQUARES

Four ounces butter, 6oz. castor sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla, 2 eggs, 2oz. chopped cherries, 2oz. chopped walnuts, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. self-raising flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, warm icing, whole cherries and walnuts to decorate.

Cream butter, sugar, and vanilla. Add eggs one at a time, beat well. Fold in cherries and walnuts, then sifted flour and salt alternately with milk. Turn into greased slab-tin, bake in moderate oven (350deg. F. gas, 400deg. F. electric) 30 to 40 minutes. When cool top with warm icing, decorate with whole cherries and walnuts, cut into squares.

HOT MOCHA PUNCH

Three tablespoons cocoa, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint hot milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint black coffee, 2 tablespoons sugar (or more according to taste), whipped cream if available.

Blend cocoa smoothly with a little cold water and add to the hot milk. Add sugar and freshly made black coffee. Reheat just to boiling point, serve piping hot with a spoonful of whipped cream on top (when available).

CHOCOLATE PEPPERMINT CAKE

Four ounces butter, 1 cup castor sugar, 1 large egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, $\frac{1}{4}$ cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, 3 tablespoons cocoa, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup boiling water.

Cream butter and sugar, add egg, and mix well. Blend cocoa smoothly with milk, add alternately with sifted dry ingredients. Lastly fold in boiling water. Turn into greased 7in. sandwich-tins. Bake in moderate oven (350deg. F. gas, 400deg. F. electric) approximately 30 minutes. When cold join and cover with peppermint marshmallow.

Peppermint Marshmallow: One cup sugar, 1 cup water, 5 teaspoons gelatine, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cream of tartar, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, peppermint essence, 2 small squares melted chocolate.

Place sugar, water, gelatine, and cream of tartar in saucepan. Boil steadily 10 min-



utes. Cool, add lemon juice and peppermint essence to taste. Beat until white and very thick. Spread quickly between layers of cake, then coat cake. Swirl melted chocolate into marshmallow with a teaspoon.

FINGER SANDWICHES

Sliced brown or white sandwich bread, softened butter, 2 hard-boiled eggs, nut of butter, mayonnaise, 1 teaspoon grated onion, salt and pepper to taste, cream cheese, thin strips parboiled red pepper or tomato, fish paste, grated carrot, sardines.

Butter bread lightly. Mash eggs with a fork, mix with nut of butter, mayonnaise, grated onion, salt and pepper. Use as a filling for some of the sandwiches. Top with cream cheese softened with a little milk, cut sandwiches into finger lengths. Decorate with thin strips of red pepper or tomato. Make other sandwiches of fish paste and grated carrot with mayonnaise. Top with cream cheese and a whole sardine.

BANANA-LEMON CHEESECAKES

Thinly grated rind of 1 lemon, strained juice of 2 lemons, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 medium bananas, 6oz. shortcrust pastry.

Cake: Two ounces butter or other good shortening, 2oz. sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 egg, 3 tablespoons milk, 4oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, icing sugar.

Place lemon rind and juice in saucepan with sugar, beaten egg, butter, and mashed

bananas. Stir over low heat (with wooden spoon) until thick. Allow to become quite cold and very thick before using. Roll shortcrust thinly on floured board, cut and line patty-tins. In base of each place 1 teaspoon of banana-lemon cheese. Prepare cake mixture.

Cake: Cream butter and sugar with lemon rind. Add egg, beat well. Stir in sifted flour and salt alternately with milk. Place a spoonful in each patty case. Bake 15 to 20 minutes in hot oven (400deg. F. gas, 450deg. F. electric). When cold dust tops with sifted icing sugar.

Savory Butters for Toasted Crumpets: Anchovy: Cream butter with a squeeze of lemon juice, add anchovy paste (or any other fish paste) to taste.

Horseradish: Beat butter to a soft cream with prepared horseradish sauce.

Sardine: Cream butter with squeeze of lemon juice, a few drops of onion juice, and a few mashed sardines.

Deville: Mix equal quantities Worcestershire and tomato sauce with half the amount of meat or vegetable extract. Beat into softened butter, add chopped parsley to taste.

● SUPPER spread on a low table before the fire, with hostess or guests touting the crumpets, is a happy finish to a winter's evening.

Finger sandwiches, prawn boats, cherry nut squares, chocolate peppermint cake are illustrated above, in addition to buttered crumpets. Below are suggestions for flavoring the butter to spread on the

toasted crumpets.

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toasted crumpets. Add grated onion. Make a well in centre of dry ingredients, pour in beaten egg mixed with milk. Stir from the centre outwards, mixing until very smooth. Place a dessertspoonful at a time on hot, greased griddle-iron or heavy frying-pan. Allow to brown underneath, turn with egg-slice or broad-bladed knife; brown other side. Cool on cake-cooler, top with savory cheese, and garnish with diced parboiled red pepper. Serve with pickled gherkins and olives if desired.

Savory Cheese Topping: Mix together 8oz. grated tasty

cheese, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 teaspoon mustard, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, 2 tablespoons milk, pinch salt, dash cayenne pepper. Heat gently, stirring until mixed, then cool. Mixture thickens further as it cools.

ORANGE TEACAKE

One cup self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 1 dessertspoon grated orange rind, 2 tablespoons chopped candied orange peel, 1 tablespoon melted butter.

Separate white from yolk of egg. Beat white stiffly, gradually add sugar, and beat until very thick. Add egg-yolk, then stir in milk, orange rind and peel. Lastly fold in sifted flour and salt and melted butter. Turn into greased 8in. sandwich-tin, bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 20 to 25 minutes. Brush top with butter while hot.

NEW TASTE THRILL



—with a gentle LAXATIVE action!



Here's something that tastes simply wonderful . . . gives you and your family real nourishment—and is also very effective as a laxative—Kellogg's Bran Flakes.

Kellogg's BRAN FLAKES

—the luscious breakfast CEREAL



Crisp Honey-brown Flakes

These crisp, luscious flakes are better for you and your family. Made from the best part of wheat with BRAN added, they combine nourishment and energy with a gentle but thorough laxative action.

You can keep your family regular and fit—day by day—when you make Kellogg's Bran Flakes their daily breakfast cereal. Your grocer has these luscious Kellogg's Bran Flakes now.

Good for ALL your family!

BF50-4



GROCER SAM SAYS:

Swift

FOOD PRODUCTS

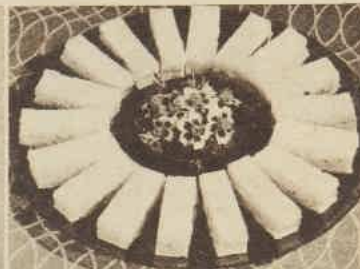
are always good!



GRILLED FISH FILLETS topped with a rich mayonnaise puff are good for luncheon or a light buffet meal. They should be served as soon as cooked, garnished with lemon and parsley.



PARBOILED CAULIFLOWER broken into flowerets and served with devilled mayonnaise makes an excellent appetiser. See recipe.



FINGER SANDWICHES spread with cheese and almond look attractive on a supper table. Flower centre-piece adds a novel touch.

Mayonnaise and cheese dishes

High food value, comparatively low cost, appetising flavor, and adaptability in combining with other foods make cheese a satisfactory substitute for meat.

EQUALLY adaptable, mayonnaise used with other ingredients provides a piquant flavor in sauces or snacks and adds interest to dishes for buffet meals or suppers.

Processed cheese and prepared mayonnaise are used in the recipes given below. All spoon measurements are level.

FISH FILLETS WITH MAYONNAISE PUFF

Two egg-whites, 1 cup prepared mayonnaise, 4 fish fillets (medium size), lemon slices, parsley.

Beat egg-whites until stiff; fold in mayonnaise. Spread on grilled fillets. Bake in moderate oven until mayonnaise mixture is set. Garnish with parsley and lemon slices, serve at once.

CAULIFLOWER APPETISER DIP

One cup prepared mayonnaise, 1 teaspoon grated onion, 1 teaspoon horseradish sauce, 1 teaspoon Tarragon vinegar, 1/2 teaspoon curry powder, parboiled cauliflower flowerets.

Combine all ingredients well. Serve in bowl as a vegetable appetiser dip, arranging cauliflower flowerets round edge of platter.

CHEESE SPREAD AND ALMOND SANDWICHES

One 5oz. glass of cheese spread, 1 cup chopped blanched almonds, 1/2 cup chopped sweet pickles, 1/2 cup prepared mayonnaise, 12 slices bread, crusts trimmed.

Blend cheese spread, almonds, pickles, and mayon-

naise. Spread a generous portion of this mixture between two slices of bread. Cut each sandwich into three strips and arrange on platter.

HAM SALAD SANDWICH DE LUXE

One-third pound chopped or minced boiled ham, 2 tablespoons pickle relish, 1/2 cup diced celery, 2 tablespoons prepared mayonnaise, 6 slices toast (crusts trimmed), 1/2 cup butter or margarine, 1 cup flour, 1 1/2 cups milk, salt, pepper, 1 lb processed cheese, parsley.

Blend ham, pickle relish, and celery with mayonnaise. Spread on toast. Prepare a cream sauce with butter, flour, milk, and seasoning to taste. Place slices of toast spread with ham mixture in shallow individual casseroles. Cover with hot cream sauce, then with a slice of cheese. Place under low grill heat or in a moderate oven until cheese has melted. Garnish with parsley, serve hot.



HAM SANDWICHES topped with cream sauce and cheese are sure to be popular as Sunday supper or after-theatre snacks. May be made in one dish if liked.

SAVORY SANDWICH

Twelve slices bread (crusts trimmed), 1-3rd cup mayonnaise, 6 slices processed cheese, 6 slices boiled ham, 1 1/2 tablespoons chilli sauce, 1/2 cup prepared mayonnaise, 3 hard-boiled eggs, parsley.

Toast bread on one side only. Spread untoasted side of each slice with mayonnaise. On half the toast slices place a slice of cheese, a slice of ham, then the remaining toast slices. Cut each sandwich into four triangles and arrange on a plate. Add chilli sauce to the 1/2 cup of mayonnaise, and pour this over each triangle. Top each with a slice of hard-boiled egg. Garnish with parsley.

Recipe for Fish Puffs wins £5

FISH PUFFS for a luncheon or light dinner menu win this week's prize of £5 for Mrs. A. S. Stirling, Blackwood Road, Wynnum, Brisbane. Here is the recipe:

One cup cooked, flaked fish, 1 tomato, 1 clove garlic, 1 small onion, 1 level tablespoon butter or fat, salt, pepper, 2 cups cooked, mashed potatoes, 4oz. flour, pinch salt, 1 level teaspoon baking-powder, little milk, fat for frying.

Melt butter or fat, add peeled, chopped onion, cook gently until tender. Add skinned, chopped tomato and finely chopped garlic. Cook until tomato is tender. Add fish, season with salt and pepper, allow to cool. Sift flour, baking-powder, and salt, add potatoes. Mix to a firm dough with a little milk, knead slightly on floured board. Roll to 1/2 in. thickness, cut into 3/4 in. squares. Place a little cold fish mixture in centre of each, moisten edges, fold over and press together. Deep-fry in fuming fat until golden brown. Drain, serve hot with lemon and parsley.



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Place first 8 ingredients in a saucepan and stir till boiling. Simmer 2 minutes, allow to become quite cold. Mix in beaten egg, sherry, and sifted dry ingredients. Place in a greased pudding basin, cover securely with custard sauce. Steam 2 1/2-3 hours. Serve hot with custard sauce.

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The Night of The Party

Continued from page 9

BRUCE sat in his car and turned on the lights. Then the people started piling into his car. A couple got into the front seat with him.

There was much chattering behind him as the back seat filled and he recognised the voice of Cecil, the bore from whom he'd been supposed to rescue Marlene. He gauged Marlene's mood from her monosyllabic remarks and could tell her that her evening had not been altogether pleasant.

He started his car. "Where to first?" he inquired. The couple in the front seat with him gave him directions and he dropped them first in a near suburb. Then, fearing that he might be pooled into Cecil's listening group, he turned on the car radio.

He set down passengers at a few houses, then knew that Cecil's audience had dwindled to Marlene. For the first time Marlene spoke up.

"You can drop Cecil first," she said.

"No, drop Marlene first," Cecil said.

He dropped Cecil first. After a prolonged good-night speech behind him, Cecil put his head in Bruce's front window and said:

"Good-night, Mr.—er—er— thanks for bringing me home."

Bruce started the car again. From the back seat Marlene told him where she lived.

He picked up his bearings and watched the road.

Marlene said: "You can turn off your wireless now."

He snapped it off.

She said: "Thanks for dropping Cecil off first."

"Nothing to it."

"It was only a little thing, perhaps, but it's the little things a girl appreciates."

"Yes," Bruce said.

"We weren't formally introduced at the party, were we?"

"No. Pity."

"You think so?" Marlene asked.

He drove silently for some time. He said: "There's one thing about you I like. Your sister."

RIVETS



"I've often been told that we're alike," Marlene replied. "May be. But I'm a one-woman man and can't see it."

"Gosh. Loyal, aren't you?"

"Yes, and it all happened in one night," he said sadly.

More silence, except for the engine's purring.

Marlene said: "It's all wrong for a bachelor to have a car like this."

"A man's got to have something," Bruce said.

"Don't sound so pathetic."

"She's lovely," Bruce said.

"This is where I live."

"Okay. Tell your sister she's lovely."

"I won't. But thanks for bringing me home. And thanks for being friendly on the way," Marlene said.

"I'm always that way up to a point. Good-night."

She got out and closed the door. His car moved off again.

Then, for the first time, the bigness and the emptiness of his car struck him. He speeded up a little. He stopped for some traffic lights. His car was big and empty, and he nearly touched the roof when a voice addressed him from the rear.

"Look, big boy, while you've stopped—"

He swung round. "How—how did you get in—?"

"I thought my presence might have mattered a little to you, but you weren't even aware that I was in your car! Certainly Cecil kept the conversation going, but at least you could have given me a look."

"You—you've been there all the time?"

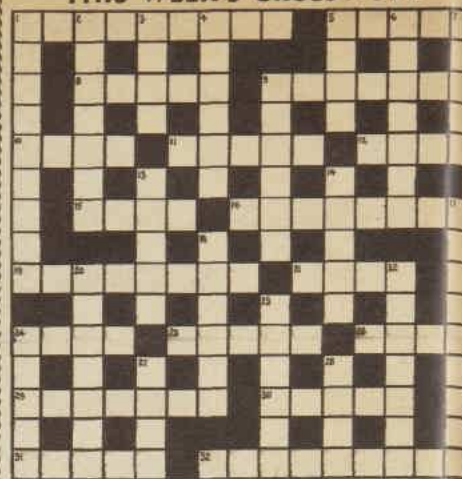
"Yes, and my good sister didn't drop a clue. The lights have turned green."

"Look, Jill—"

"All right," she said. "Shall I climb over or would you rather I went round so I don't damage the upholstery?"

(Copyright)

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



Solution will be published next week.

ACROSS

1. Study a French musical instrument to get this hard question (9).
2. Huge American private insect (5).
3. Look inside a brownish color for a claw (5).
4. Sagacious yet rude in the core (7).
5. Though full of rust, it's reliable (4).
6. Slightest as in let (5).
7. Famous German canal and naval port (4).
8. Abraham came from the central part of this trap (4).
9. Reduce to fine powder a crumbled vile gate (8).
10. Rescue of the French cloth servants (8).
11. Rager with a go in it (4).
12. Wound a canonised sailor (4).
13. Acknowledge mainly one thousand and fifty years ago (4).
14. A South African Kaffir tribe (4).
15. Religious ladies' community (7).
16. You on your hand (5).
17. Finished and as it simmers, it was surely said (4).
18. About the queen (4).
19. Anne's game (anagr. 9).

DOWN

1. Line of communication dangerous for motorists being an angry way (5, 4).
2. Turned bruised bark of oak with a European mountain range is not exceptional (7).
3. African river in a line (4).
4. He used to be a police-officer in Bow Street (6).
5. Disease of the joints (4).
6. God's own country is there (7).
7. Complete, including the disturbed highest male voice (5).
8. Plague turned about trouble (4).
9. Serious abode of the dead (5).
10. When it was done to the hirsute adornment of the King of Spain, his coats were harnessed (5).
11. Utter suddenly yet late at the end (2).
12. The day of the wife of Odys (6).
13. Brudite ore laced are mixed (7).
14. Graduate in clot of blood grow faintly (7).
15. Kind of glove mainly for women, though surrounded by men (4).
16. From the past time when extravagance precedes the French (5).
17. If you do it with an eye for an eye (4).
18. Its capital is appreciated by smokers (4).

BEATEN AT THE POST
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A B E L T E D E A R L D E
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G R O S S A T H O S A I
E L O R C N O D E
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G O C A D O R E K I R D
R A G E D E A T
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Solution to last week's crossword.

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MATILDA felt cross. "Oh, do sit down. What fidgets you men are," she said.

He grinned back gratefully, then switched on his light. Covertly, she studied him. Under the concentrated light he looked older than she had thought.

He looked up and said, "You'd like the light out? Pete's settling down; we might get some sleep."

Disappointed, she said sedately: "Yes, please."

The dim light from the corridor fell on Matilda's rug, on the tweed-clad legs in the opposite corner, on a curly brown back that turned round and round.

"Lie down," hissed Matilda menacingly. "And go to sleep!"

Thumping a hopeful tail, Pete watched her, bright-eyed, and, reading encouragement in her quelling glare, scrambled across to swarm over her knees.

His owner woke up and bundled him back. "It's my fault," he explained. "Should have given him this."

His pet received a repellent slipper, revoltingly chewed, with joy.

Once more tranquillity reigned; even Pete went to sleep. But Matilda's curiosity was still wide awake.

He was a doctor of some sort. His leather brief-case was stamped F. F. Felix — Ferdinand — Franklyn — Fergus? Fergus Frazer, medico, journeying to London with his one-man dog. And here were the three of them, sharing the night, the world shut out as they roared through the dark; yet soon they would go their separate ways.

The train slowed down, shuffled under a bridge, and stopped with a jerk.

Fergus woke up. Pete began to whine through his nose. With extreme caution

his master unfolded himself, smothered the whine, and they crept out for a walk.

Their elaborate departure should have pleased Matilda, since it was plainly designed to avoid disturbing her; but, with all this waking up, she felt like that chewed slipper. Looked like it, too, she supposed irritably.

Minutes passed. And more minutes. From far along the platform came a high, faint bark. At any moment the whistle would go and the train would pull out, leaving the pair behind.

It was exactly the way Matilda's brothers behaved — and her father — men, in fact. They went to see the engine, the warning blew — her mother would nearly have a heart attack. Impatiently, Matilda tweaked the blind. The platform could not have looked emptier.

Then, just as she had expected, the whistle shrilled, the train slid forward, gathering speed, and, with a sinking heart, she knew the ships had passed — without any signal.

The door slid back.

"You needn't creep," Matilda complained, cross with relief. "Of course, I'm awake."

"We've been to see the engine," he said disarmingly. "And that was the last stop, so now we can sleep."

"Good morning, madam! Good morning, sir!" The light was snapped on ruthlessly. "Tea, madam? Tea for you, sir?"

"What time is it?" demanded Matilda.

"Five o'clock," beamed the attendant from the sleeping-cars. "And we're running nicely."

"Five o'clock," Matilda snorted as soon as he had gone. "And we're not due in till seven."

A Dog Had Its Day

Continued from page 5

"Well, we're extras," said Fergus pacifically. "We've no claim on his sleeping-car tea. He wants to get us over first."

With the tea, Fergus brought out his sandwiches.

"A lot could be said for night travel," observed Matilda, "if one could stay asleep."

"Sleepers," suggested Fergus helpfully.

"I was too late." She was carefully casual. "I meant to travel later to-day, but remembered that it was the end of the Norfolk Galleries show — a girl I know has two landscapes there. I must go this afternoon." She hoped Norfolk Galleries had registered.

Making some sort of toilet cheered her again. With her nose powdered and her hair brushed, she came back to meet such an approving glance that her own fell before it — upon a pensively chewing Airedale demolishing her magazine.

SWOOPING down to retrieve it, Matilda cried, "That advertisement! It was shoes — on the back cover — and now look! I shan't know what to ask for —"

"You weren't thinking of buying them?"

"Why not?" she challenged crisply.

"Those ridiculous things?"

"They're most elegant," she asserted.

"They've got four-inch heels!"

Her smile was as superior as she could make it. "And why not?" she repeated.

"I'll tell you," he said smugly.

And he did, in medical jargon which he then translated. Matilda seethed.

"My spine," she broke in, "is quite used to them. And I

don't toddle like a performing poodle!" You'd like to see hob-nailed boots in Bond Street?"

"I don't have to see anything in Bond Street," he said happily. "Praise be!"

Curiosity got the better of Matilda. She climbed down a bit. "You're not a Londoner? You don't work there?"

He became suddenly rather earnest and confidential. "I tried working in a city just once. Took a locum for a friend, and spent all my spare moments at his window, praying he'd come home."

"And did he?"

"Not he. He was fishing my salmon river. Now," he returned to the attack, "imagine walking there in those shoes."

"As I shan't be walking within a hundred miles of it —"

He was derisive: "You'll not walk in them anywhere — nobody could."

"I shall walk in them this very day," said Matilda.

Just received from Italy, the shop assured her. They were a little short in the toe? It was the high heel, perhaps, that she was not used to. But, with madam's blue dress they were charming. Madam would wear them? Her old shoes could be sent by post.

Matilda walked out of the shop in them. They were a trifle short, she suspected; the pavement was harder than the carpets in the shop. But new shoes were naturally unyielding. Not for one moment did she regret having bought them. Wearing them through lunch would ease the stiffness.

There were four large rooms at the galleries; all crowded, and not a sandy, male head to be seen in one of them. Matilda edged her way round to the two landscapes.

They were drearily uninspired, she thought gloomily, though one bore a little red

seal. This was not, as it happened, her first visit; she had seen it all before, but never before had she realised just how hard Art was on one's feet.

Her eyes strayed to the door again. The clock above it said ten past three. He would have come early if he were coming. Most probably he had entirely forgotten her; and the gallery was the last place he would visit willingly; he wouldn't know a painting from a picture-postcard. She might as well go straight home. If she sat down she would never get up again.

"Please don't say you're just going."

She whirled. "Why, no — I've just come. But —"

"Good! I had a conference and then a luncheon — couldn't get away —"

She turned promptly to the landscapes.

"Very nice." He consulted his catalogue. "Beach Scene, Matilda Eades." Done from above, with everything in sight foreshortened to show how clever Matilda can be."

Matilda grinned in spite of herself: "Anyway, she's sold it."

"Shall we go round?" he suggested.

They did — thoroughly; they missed nothing at all. He had opinions. Her feet seemed to get larger and larger, with red-hot wires and a balloon-like feeling.

"Admire that?"

"Lovely," sighed Matilda. In a group of unlikely objects was an undoubted cup of tea.

It struck him, too. "By the way, my name's Frazer, Fergus Frazer." She blinked. "I'm a doctor. You'll have some tea with me?"

Please turn to page 47

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F6460



F6458

F6459



F6462



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INDIAN ROOT
PILLS**

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DAILY DOESN'T

Honest to goodness, a man needs to be a contortionist to hold his own these days. First, he must keep his back to the wall and his ear to the ground. Then he must put his shoulder to the wheel and his nose in the grindstone, at the same time keeping a level head and both feet on the ground.

At least, that's how it seems in this atomic age. Fortunately, most of us seem to be able to solve life's problems with a little less physical and mental wear-and-tear. More, for instance, can often be achieved with mildness than with bluster.

And so, when the going is tough, turn with pleasure to the unfailing solace of Black & White Cigarettes. Blended specially for those who prefer a mild cigarette, Black & White are a perfect example of the satisfaction that comes with leisureed maturity.

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Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart.

JUST then Matilda thought it was time to introduce herself. "Thank you," she said. "And I'm Matilda." "Congratulations on the sale, Matilda."

As if he had never mentioned her 'foreshortenings,' Congratulations—cool as you please.

He was making a way for her towards the exit, she hobbling painfully behind.

"They wouldn't let Pete in," he said, "he's with the porter." He darted in and collected Pete.

They descended the steps—Matilda on hot tin-tacks, her features set in an insouciant smile. At least, he should not say "I told you so." She wouldn't toddle like his performing poodle! That is, she wouldn't yet.

Actually, Pete was claiming all his master's attention. He was being a dog, abandoned for several years, whose god had now repented and reunited them. Fergus hailed a cab and opened its door. Matilda fell into the seat with a sigh that betrayed her.

"Saw you'd bought them," Fergus observed.

"It's no thanks to your dog that I succeeded."

She wondered where he was taking her. The cab stopped. Pete scrambled out. A glass door—Pete hauled them through it. There was a scent of flowers and China tea, a blonde moving across the deep-pile carpet.

ANSWERS TO QUIZ ON PAGE 20

1. China.
2. Australia.
3. Sweden.
4. United States of America.
5. Italy.
6. England.
7. Germany.
8. Indonesia.
9. France.
10. Russia.

A Dog Had Its Day

Continued from page 45

"Two?" she smiled at Fergus.

"You won't mind my dog?" he suggested.

Pete's eyes melted in admiration, his tail wagged deliriously.

"Mind?" She stooped to bestow a pat on him. "But he's sweet."

Pete still quivering with adoration, they followed her down the long room. Warm lights, draped peach curtains, the tinkle of china, and soft chairs. Fergus drew one out and Matilda sank in it. It was bliss just to sit.

It was only fair to her host to be bright and agreeable—he was giving her a very good tea—so she withdrew first one foot, then the other, endured torture as her toes came to life again, then relaxed in a nirvana of relief.

Once she had started him with a few interested questions, he was telling her his whole blameless history.

He had seen war service in the Navy and come back to let his father retire. Matilda heard about the practice, and the salmon river. Then she heard about the house and his old auntie—who looked after him but liked a break occasionally.

"She's quite a gay old dear," he assured Matilda, "knows her way about."

"Have some more tea," said Matilda.

It was less disturbing to look at the teapot—and then to gaze about the room. There were two small girls with an indulgent aunt at the next table; then an old lady in a wonderful bonnet. And, opposite, a man and a girl—a man and a girl and a dog. The dog seemed to be offering them a present. They looked faintly surprised.

"He's very like Pete," remarked Matilda.

"He is Pete," exclaimed Fergus. Then, with sudden dire foreboding, "What in the world has he got?"

Matilda felt her face go scarlet with mortification.

Actually, Fergus was making Pete's apologies. The shoe was not looking its best.

"He's chewed it," cried Matilda furiously, attack always being the best defence.

"I'm afraid he's ruined it," began Fergus. She thought he meant to add, "Good thing, if I may say so," but, "You must let us replace them," he begged instead.

"You can't. I've an awkward foot. Long and narrow. It was the only pair that fitted."

Turning the shoe over, Fergus said dubiously, "Well, something like them—" he said.

"Nice boots?" suggested Matilda. "I couldn't dream of it. It was entirely my fault for not wearing them."

"Can't say I blame you for that. But—"

"Please—don't say another word on the subject."

"Well—" He handled the shoe back. "It's at least dry."

He had spoilt a spotless handkerchief. "You can put it on your foot. As for you—"

Pete quailed before this severity; his tail shot between his legs.

There was no longer any need for concealment. The other tables were pretending not to look. It was not going to be easy. She had foreseen this when she slipped the shoes off, but in spite of Pete's betrayal it had been worth it. Definitely, she groped and pushed; the shoes were even shorter than she had remembered.

His eyes were on her face as if making a diagnosis—or

learning her features by heart. Not a wince, not a flicker would escape him. It would need phenomenal self-control, but she would rather die than hear him say "I told you so!"

Him and his performing poodle. She slipped her hand beneath the table and tugged.

Her toes set up a frantic protest. Ignoring them, she wrestled with her heel, which was refusing to co-operate. Very well, she would try the other foot.

Fergus watched her face with dawning comprehension. "You know," he said, "a shoe-horn's what you need."

"I have both feet in," she announced with dignity, "except for the backs of my heels. I am going to stand up—please remain seated—I can push better if I stand up."

So she stood up, and jammed her weight—what there was of it—on the shoes. It was all to no effect.

"You little fool," said Fergus shortly. "Give it up."

She gaped. "Sit down," he said. Surprised, she did so, then recovered to demand:

"What next? I live miles out—in the depths of Surrey."

"We'll make the shops before they shut—if we're quick."

"You mean," she gasped, "I just walk out—without my shoes on?"

"I could carry you," he said.

"I'll walk," agreed Matilda quickly.

Pete, of course, led their exit; Fergus carried the shoes; Matilda padded beside him. Men hated to be made conspicuous. She supposed that he would never forgive her; would forget her as soon as he could. Would she forget him as easily?

The drizzle had turned to rain, the pavements glistened in the wet. Matilda's toes curled with reluctance.

The Family Scrapbook

By DR. ERNEST G. OSBORNE



Don't knock all the bounce out of him.

MOST fathers, unless they are tired or worried, enjoy rough-housing with their children. Sometimes, though, the children are not so enthusiastic. Sam Jones gets irritated because his four-year-old son shies away from rough play. Yet it was Sam himself who built up the boy's dislike.

When Sammy, jun., was little more than a baby, his father used to toss him high in the air, roll him on the floor, and bounce him on the sofa. That was Mr. Jones' idea of fun, but it frightened young Sam.

Children differ. From the beginning some seem to like rough-and-tumble play. For others, enjoyment can come

only gradually, after they are completely assured that they are not going to be hurt. It is a wise parent who takes these things into account.

All characters in this feature are fictitious.

"Wait here," commanded Fergus.

He returned shortly with a cab. "I'll carry you across the pavement."

"I'm too heavy." She was a flimsy five-foot-three.

He assured her very kindly: "A doctor's used to it."

It was ridiculous to feel so shy of him. Perhaps the taxi-driver noticed her flush.

"Wrong way rahnd, guv'nor—should be acrost the threshold."

She missed the quick rejoinder but heard the driver's answering chuckle as he slammed the door of the cab.

"My auntie goes to a shop in Bond Street, but if you'd prefer something else—"

"You're not going to buy them."

"You know, you remind me of my old auntie—she's obstinate and independent—"

"I'd like to meet her," flashed Matilda.

"You shall," he said.

The cab—promised double fare if it beat the clock—swung round a corner and Matilda was flung violently sideways. An arm came out to steady her. Finding this agreeable, it stayed there.

"And we're going to buy boots," said Fergus.

"Boots?" scoffed Matilda.

"In Bond Street?"

"Rubber ones," he continued firmly. "You'll need them when you come to meet my old auntie."

Pete was feeling grossly neglected. He scrambled over on to Matilda's knee.

"You see?" Fergus said.

"You can't disappoint him. He's a one-man dog, as I told you, but he's adopting you into the family."

The cab lurched round another corner.

Presently, Matilda said meekly: "Very well. Boots let it be."

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